

BATMAN
No. 17

JUNE
JULY



ten cents

BATMAN

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**KEEP
THE AMERICAN
EAGLE FLYING !
BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS !**



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KANE**

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THE BIG EIGHT

**FAVORITE COMIC READING
OF AMERICA'S MILLIONS!**



**LOOK
FOR THIS
TRADEMARK**

**YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST**

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

HE WAS AN INSIGNIFICANT LITTLE MAN, IMPORTANT ONLY TO THE CHILDREN WHO LOVED HIS STIRRING TALES-- YET HE DREAMED OF GIVING THE WORLD A SHRINE AND A BOOK TO IMMORTALIZE THE SHINING IDEALS OF TWO HEROES HE HAD NEVER MET -- THE **BATMAN AND ROBIN!**... BUT WHEN CRIMINALS OF DIABOLICAL CLEVERNESS BEGAN TO PROFIT BY HIS UNSELFISH LABORS, HE THOUGHT HIS LIFE A TRAGIC FAILURE -- UNTIL THE MIGHTY CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE THEMSELVES FLASHED INTO DAZZLING ACTION TO SHATTER THE CUNNING CONJURER'S EVIL ILLUSIONS AND BRING SUPREME HAPPINESS TO-- **"THE BATMAN'S BIOGRAPHER!"**

by
**BOB
KANE**



MANY MEN IN GOTHAM CITY ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN B. BOSWELL BROWNE, BUT NONE IS MORE POPULAR WITH THE CHILDREN OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD...

PLEASE TELL US MORE ABOUT THEM, MR. BROWNE!

GEE, THEY'RE BRAVE LIKE THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR'S TIME, AREN'T THEY?

YOU BET THEY'RE BRAVE, BOBBY! I TELL YOU IT MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AND ADVENTUROUS JUST TALKING ABOUT THEM!



ENTER BRUCE WAYNE, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

THE KIDS SEEM FASCINATED BY THAT LITTLE OLD MAN! LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

HE'S PROBABLY TELLING THEM FAIRY TALES!



... AND IT WOULD BE A FINER WORLD IF THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** COULD LIVE FOREVER! BUT SINCE THEY CAN'T, THE NEXT BEST THING IS FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL TO TRY TO BE AS HONEST AND KIND AS THEY!

BRUCE, DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?



PARDON ME -- BUT WE COULDN'T HELP HEARING! YOU SEEM TO THINK A LOT OF **ROBIN** AND THE **BATMAN**!

INDEED I DO! I FLATTER MYSELF THAT I KNOW MORE ABOUT THEM THAN ANY OTHER PERSON, AND I AM WRITING A BOOK ABOUT THEM FOR THE INSPIRATION OF FUTURE GENERATIONS!

A BOOK? BOY, WOULD I LOVE TO READ IT!



I CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE INTERESTED... HAVE YOU BY ANY CHANCE FOLLOWED THEIR AMAZING ADVENTURES?

WELL -- ER -- YOU MIGHT SAY WE'VE KEPT UP WITH THEM, MORE OR LESS!



YOU MUST COME TO MY ROOM AND SEE MY **BATMAN** SOUVENIRS! I'M DEVOTING MY LIFE TO COLLECTING THEM, AND I HOPE THEY WILL SOME DAY BE PRESERVED IN A PUBLIC SHRINE!

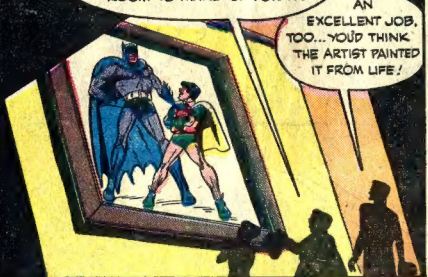
THIS IS VERY NICE OF YOU!

WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE, SPOILIN' OUR STORY?



THAT PAINTING COST MORE THAN I COULD REALLY AFFORD -- SO I MOVED TO THIS LITTLE ATTIC ROOM TO MAKE UP FOR IT!

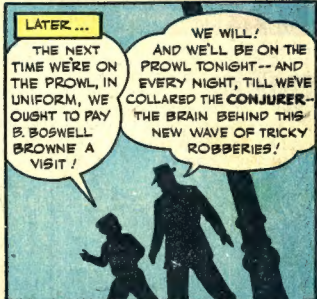
AN EXCELLENT JOB, TOO... YOU'D THINK THE ARTIST PAINTED IT FROM LIFE!



THE **BATMAN** TORE THIS EMBLEM FROM HIS CHEST AND HELD IT OVER A LOCOMOTIVE HEADLIGHT TO PREVENT A TRAIN WRECK! YOU MAY HAVE READ OF IT IN THE NEWS-PAPERS!

I SEEM TO RECALL IT, SOMEHOW!

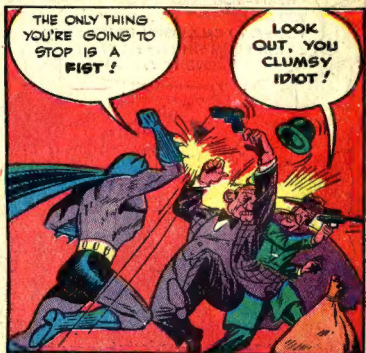




TERRIFIED MEN AND WOMEN TURN THE JEWELRY SHOP INTO A SCENE OF MAD PANDEMONIUM...



AND AS INKY SMOKE FILLS THE INTERIOR, NIMBLE HANDS STRIKE AND SMASH AND ROB!



BUT THE CONJURER PACKS A WALLOP ALSO -- IN THE FORM OF A FINE WHITE MIST!

HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAVING FOR MEDDLERS!

MY EYES!

AMMONIA FUMES!

UNDER COVER OF THE AMMONIA BARRAGE, THE CRIMINALS BEAT A HASTY RETREAT -- WITHOUT THEIR LOOT!

FORGET THE LOOT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE COPS COME!

WHERE (COUGH) ARE YOU, ROBIN?

I'M NOT (COUGH) SURE!

AT HOME IN HIS UNDERWORLD LAIR, THE CONJURER IS A FREE MAN BUT AN UNHAPPY ONE...

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GEMS LEFT BEHIND! WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OF OUT-SMARTING THE BATMAN!

LISTEN, BOSS -- I GOT A IDEA OF SOME-BODY WHO CAN MAYBE HELP YA!

I'M IN DA PARK, SWIPIN' A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FER ME GOIL, SEE? AN' HERE'S DIS OLD GEEZER TELLIN' STORIES ABOUT DA BAT-MAN TO A GANG O' BRATS! HE CLAIMS HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT DAT GUY-- ALL HIS TRICKS AN' EVERYTHIN'!

SO IT IS THAT B. BOSWELL BROWNE RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR THAT EVENING...

GOOD EVENING, MR. BROWNE! MY NAME IS -- ER -- SMITH, A REPORTER FROM THE "EVENING NEWS." I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU ABOUT THE

BAT-MAN!

CREEPER, YOU'RE NOT AS BIG A GAP AS YOU LOOK!

THE BATMAN? COME RIGHT IN, MR. SMITH! I NEVER GET TIRED OF TALKING ABOUT HIM!

... AND SO YOU SEE, AFTER ALL MY YEARS OF STUDY, I FEEL THAT I UNDERSTAND THE BATMAN BETTER -- THAN ANYONE ELSE DOES!

VERY INTERESTING! BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN CLEVER CROOKS OUT-WITTED HIM...

YES -- TEMPORARILY. ONCE THE PENGUIN -- AS CLEVER A CRIMINAL AS EVER LIVED -- RIGGED UP A CHICKEN-WIRE TRAP, AND HERE'S HOW HE USED IT...

THIS IS THE STUFF I WANT...

VERY INTERESTING! CAN YOU FORTELL WHAT HE WOULD DO IN A GIVEN SITUATION? LET US SUPPOSE A GANG OF THIEVES WAS ROBBING A BROKERAGE OFFICE ON AN UPPER FLOOR OF A TALL BUILDING...

PROBABLY CLIMB THE BUILDING OPPOSITE AND SWING INTO BATTLE WITH THE AID OF HIS SILKEN ROPE!

LATER, A SINISTER EVENT OCCURS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...



TAKE A LOAD OFF YOUR FEET, COPPER!

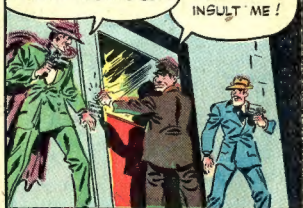
HURRY, CREEPER -- PUT ON HIS COAT AND CAP!

OOH-H-H

...LEADING UP TO ANOTHER ILLUSION OUT OF THE CONJURER'S BAG OF TRICKS -- LESS DRAMATIC BUT QUITE EFFECTIVE ...

STAND WHERE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN CAN SEE YOU PLAINLY, CREEPER! YOU MAKE A GOOD-LOOKING COP!

YA DON'T HAFTA INSULT ME!



HAW, HAW! GREAT SENSE O' HUMOR YA GOT, BOSS!

NOT FAR FROM THIS UN-HAPPY SCENE, A SLEEK, RAKISH VEHICLE GLIDES THROUGH SHADOWED STREETS--THE BATMOBILE!

YOU SEE, ROBIN, IT'S MY THEORY THAT THE CONJURER WILL BE SO MAD ABOUT LOSING THAT LOOT, HE'LL TRY TO PULL A BIG JOB TONIGHT!



BATMAN-- LOOK THERE, ON THE RIGHT! IT'S A MAN!

A HEAVY BOLT IS WITHDRAWN... THE SIDE DOOR OF A BULLET-PROOF GLASS IS OPENED ... AND --



WHAT'S UP, FLANNERY?... WHY YOU'RE NOT FLANNERY!

YOU BET I AIN'T! STICK UP YER MITTS AN' DON'T REACH FER ANY ALARM BUTTONS!

ALL WE WANT TO DO IS PERFORM A LITTLE MAGIC, MY FRIEND -- BY MAKING ABOUT A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS DISAPPEAR!



IT'S OFFICER FLANNERY! WHAT HAPPENED?

W-WHERE AM I?... BATMAN... A BUILDIN' MUST HAVE FALLEN ON ME!

NOT A BUILDING, FLANNERY... IT WAS SOMEBODY WHO WANTED YOUR UNIFORM -- AND THERE THEY ARE!

SURE ENOUGH! OH, BOY--MY KNUCKLES ARE ITCHING!

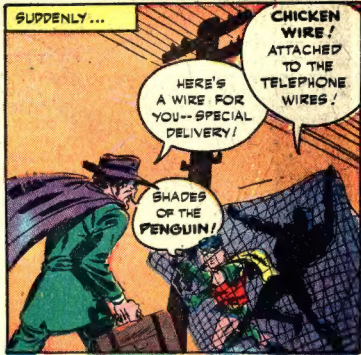




WELL,
IF IT AIN'T OUR
OLD PALS!

NO? WAIT
'TILL WE GET
OUR HANDS
ON THEM...

MUH?...
THEY DON'T
SEEM
SCARED!



SUDDENLY...

CHICKEN
WIRE!
ATTACHED
TO THE
TELEPHONE
WIRES!

HERE'S
A WIRE FOR
YOU--SPECIAL
DELIVERY!

SHADES
OF THE
PENGUIN!



DON'T
LET THAT
COOPED-UP
FEELIN' GET
YA DOWN!

WHEN WE
CATCH YOU, YOU'LL
STAY COOPED UP
LONGER THAN
WE WILL!

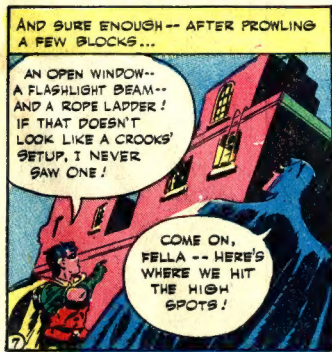
MOMENTS LATER...

NOW HOW
DID THEY
THINK UP A
TRICK LIKE
THAT?

THEY DIDN'T--
IT WAS THE
PENGUIN'S IDEA
ORIGINALLY!
YOU SEE,
FLANNERY,
THEY'VE BEEN
DOING RESEARCH
WORK--OR HAVING
SOMEONE DO
IT FOR THEM!

THE BATMOBILE'S
THIS WAY, IF WE'RE
GOING HOME!

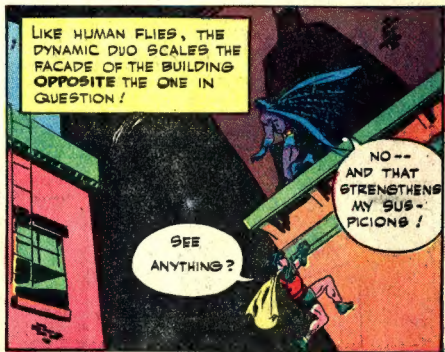
WERE NOT...
IF THE CONJURER
HAS A NEW STOCK
OF TRICKS UP HIS
SLEEVE, HE MAY
COUNT ON USING
ANOTHER RIGHT
AWAY!



AND SURE ENOUGH-- AFTER PROWLING
A FEW BLOCKS...

AN OPEN WINDOW--
A FLASHLIGHT BEAM--
AND A ROPE LADDER!
IF THAT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE A CROOKS'
SETUP, I NEVER
SAW ONE!

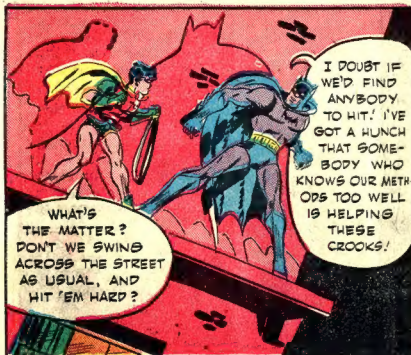
COME ON,
FELLA -- HERE'S
WHERE WE HIT
THE HIGH
SPOTS!



LIKE HUMAN FLIES, THE
DYNAMIC DUO SCALES THE
FACADE OF THE BUILDING
OPPOSITE THE ONE IN
QUESTION!

SEE
ANYTHING?

NO--
AND THAT
STRENGTHENS
MY SUS-
PICIONS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T WE SWING ACROSS THE STREET AS USUAL, AND HIT 'EM HARD?

I DOUBT IF WE'D FIND ANYBODY TO HIT! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS OUR METHODS TOO WELL IS HELPING THESE CROOKS!



-- SO WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS BUILDING FIRST!... WHA--! A WHISTLE!

IT'S A SIGNAL! I CAN SEE A MAN STANDING IN THE SHADOW OF A DOORWAY, AND HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE CONJURER'S PLAYMATES!



AND THERE ARE THE TWO OTHERS, RUNNING! CAN'T WE CATCH THEM?

THEY'D HAVE REACHED THEIR CAR AND LOST THEMSELVES BEFORE WE HIT THE GROUND! BUT AT LEAST WE'VE FOUND OUT SOMETHING!

IF WE'D SWUNG ACROSS THE STREET, WHERE THEY HAD THOSE PROPS RIGGED UP, THEY'D HAVE RAIDED SOME BROKERAGE OFFICE IN THIS BUILDING AND GOT AWAY BEFORE WE CAUGHT ON! BUT WE DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!

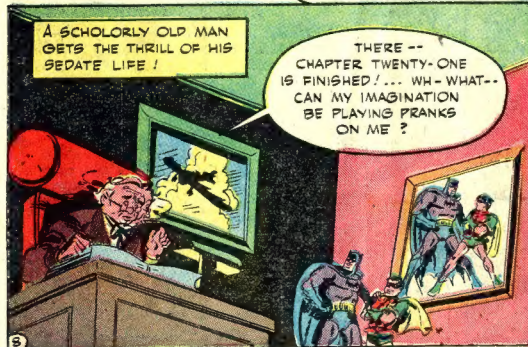
AND BECAUSE WE DIDN'T, THEY BEAT IT WITHOUT PULLING THE JOB! GEE-- DO YOU SUPPOSE THE CONJURER HAS BEEN FIGURING THESE THINGS OUT ALL BY HIMSELF?

SHORTLY AFTERWARD...

THEY WON'T DARE TRY ANYTHING ELSE TONIGHT-- WHY DON'T WE PAY A VISIT TO OUR BIOGRAPHER?



THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!



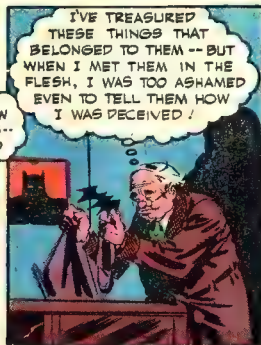
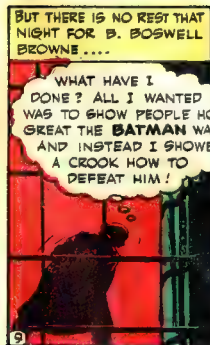
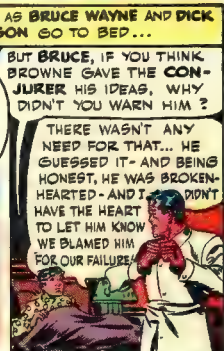
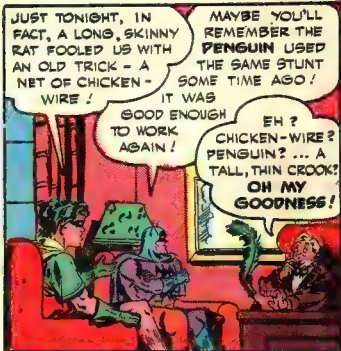
A SCHOLARLY OLD MAN GETS THE THRILL OF HIS SEDATE LIFE!

THERE -- CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE IS FINISHED!... WH-WHAT-- CAN MY IMAGINATION BE PLAYING FRANKS ON ME?



WE'RE NOT IMAGINARY... WE HEARD YOU WERE INTERESTED IN OUR WORK, AND THOUGHT WE'D SAY HELLO!

YOU'RE REAL! I-I'M SO OVERCOME WITH EMOTION, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!



WHEN SLEEPLESS HOURS OF
WORRY HAVE GIVEN AWAY
TO DAYLIGHT...

YOU....

AH, FEL OW-
ADMIRER OF THE
BATMAN -- HERE I AM
FOR ANOTHER ENLIGHT-
ENING TALK !



I HEARD ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENED LAST
NIGHT! YOU USED MY
INFORMATION TO DEFEAT THE
BATMAN! YOU'RE A CROOK--
AND I REFUSE TO HAVE
ANYTHING MORE TO DO
WITH YOU !

WELL, WELL--
IS THAT SO ?



SINCE YOU
KNOW SO MUCH,
AND FEEL THE WAY
YOU DO, I HAVE NO
CHOICE BUT TO BLOW
YOUR BRAINS
OUT !

WHAT?..
YOU'D ACTUALLY
MURDER ME?... OH,
MY GRACIOUS ! PLEASE !
I'LL DO ANYTHING
YOU SAY !

THAT'S BETTER.... I MIGHT
SPARE YOUR LIFE IF YOU'D
ARRANGE ANOTHER TRAP
FOR THE **BATMAN**--A FATAL
ONE THIS TIME -- AT THE
AUCTION OF THE VAN VOGT
ART TREASURES THIS EVE-
NING !

PROMISE YOU WON'T
KILL ME AND I'LL DO MY BEST!
PERHAPS IF YOU PUT A TIME -
BOMB IN A CAR, AND LEFT THE
MOTOR RUNNING, THE **BATMAN**
WOULD TRY TO
CHASE YOU IN
IT...

SPLENDID! YOU SEE, THE
AUCTION IS SUCH AN
OBVIOUS ATTRACTION FOR
A MAN OF MY CALIBER.
I'M SURE THE **BATMAN**
WILL TAKE IT IN! AND
JUST TO MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T TRY TO DOUBLE -
CROSS ME YOU'RE GO-
IN TOO !

I'M AN OLD
MAN, BUT I DON'T
WANT TO DIE
YET!

BROWNE IS ONE OF THE MOB NOW, CREEPER!
HE'S GETTING A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR MY
BIG SHOW TONIGHT -- AND IF HE REALLY
GETS THE **BATMAN** KILLED, I MAY PUT
HIM ON THE PAYROLL !

I GUESS YA
KNOW WHAT YA'RE DOIN'--
BUT I WOULDN'T TRUST DA
OLD COOT TOO FAR!

WHAT NOW?
WILL THE TIMID
OLD MAN ACTU-
ALLY TURN ON
THE HEROIC
PAIR WHOSE
DAZZLING
DEEDS HAVE
BEEN THE IN-
SPIRATION OF
HIS DECLINING
YEARS? WILL
HE USE HIS
KNOWLEDGE, SO
PAINSTAKINGLY
GATHERED AS A
LABOR OF LOVE,
TO BETRAY THE
BATMAN AND
ROBIN ?

THAT EVENING IN BROWNE'S GARRET
ROOM...

WELL, HERE
WE ARE BACK--
HUH ? **BATMAN**,
HE'S GONE, AND THE
PLACE IS ALL
UPSET !

GONE?
BUT HE KNEW
WE WERE
COMING....



① HIS MANU-SCRIPT WAS ALL STACKED UP NEATLY - BUT NOW IT'S SCATTERED ALLOVER THE FLOOR!

HMM--A NOOSE CIRCLING THE BAT EMBLEM! HE MUST HAVE MEANT IT AS A WARNING THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO SHARE ME!

IN THE DARK, THE BATPLANE HOVERS ON AUTOGIRO WINGS!

SOMETHING IS WRONG--BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHERE TO GO FROM HERE?

WE DON'T KNOW--SO WE'LL FOLLOW OUR FIRST HUNCH, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE VAN VOGHT ART AUCTION! A MILLION-DOLLAR AFFAIR LIKE THAT IS SURE TO ATTRACT VULTURES!

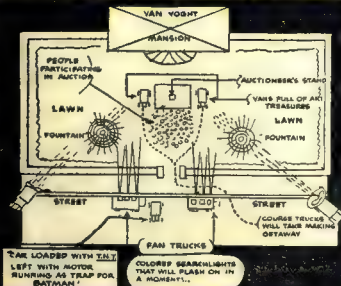
AN EXCLUSIVE GROUP GATHERED ON THE MAGNIFICENT LAWN OF THE VAN VOGHT MANSION INCLUDES FAMILIAR FACES!

DA TRUCKS WIT' DA WIND-MACHINES AN' SOICHLIGHTS IS WAITIN' 'ROUND DA CORNER, CONJURER! DA BOYS IS ALL SET!

SPLENDID! ALL I HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS KEEPING AN EYE ON FOXY GRANDPA HERE TILL IT'S OVER!

DON'T WORRY -ABOUT ME, CONJUROR! I-I DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED!

TRUCKS BEARING HUGE FANS OPERATED BY ELECTRIC MOTORS TAKE THEIR POSITIONS UNOBSRUSIVELY AS THE AUCTION OPENS...



A PLAN VIEW OF THE VAN VOGHT AUCTION SCENE.

THE NEXT INSTANT, BRILLIANT BEAMS OF COLORED LIGHT SHATTER INTO COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF TINY RAYS, BLINDING ALL EYES WITH BEWILDERING BEAUTY!

NO BRAIN BUT MINE COULD CONCEIVE SUCH DRAMATIC BLINDING SPLENDOR!

COME ON, CREEPER--YOU AN' ME EACH GRAB ONE O' DEM VANS FULLA MILLIONAIRES' KNICKKNACKS!

BOSS... YOU'RE A GENIUS!

OUR FIRST OFFERING IS A GOLD BUST OF APOLLO, VALUED AT EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! WHAT AM I BID?

SUDDENLY, TWO POWERFUL BLASTS OF AIR STRIKE THE TWIN FOUNTAINS, DRENCHING THE THRONG IN A WHITE HAZE OF MOISTURE...

IT'S RAINING!

NO--SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE FOUNTAINS!

I CAN'T SEE!

I'M DAZZLED!

INVISIBLE ABOVE THE EXTRAVAGANZA OF
TRACHEROUS BRILLIANCE, THE DYNAMIC
DUO GOES INTO ACTION...

IT'S
STARTED--
AND ONLY
THE CONJURER
WOULD PUT
ON A SHOW
LIKE THIS!

BUT
WE'LL STEAL
HIS BIG
SCENE,
EH?

HOP
IN, YOU
TWO!

COME ON--
WE'RE LEAVING ON
THE VAN! THAT SEDAN
IS FILLED WITH DYNA-
MITE READY TO BLOW
UP THE BATMAN
WHEN HE CHASES
US--REMEMBER?

I OUGHT
TO REMEMBER....
IT WAS MY
IDEA!

HAVE YOUR
OWN WAY! BLOW
YOURSELF UP INSTEAD
OF THE BATMAN IF YOU
WANT TO--AND WE'LL
GET HIM LATER WITH-
OUT YOUR HELP!

YOU'RE A
FOOL TO THINK SO--
JUST AS YOU WERE
A FOOL TO THINK
YOUR THREATS
COULD FRIGHTEN
ME!

BUT THE SCHOLARLY BROWNE HAS MORE IN MIND
THAN MERELY BLOWING HIMSELF UP....

GET OFF THE
STREET--UNLESS
YOU WANT TO COLLIDE
WITH A HUNDRED
POUNDS OF HIGH-
EXPLOSIVE!

HOLY
MACKEREL--
HE MEANS
IT!

THAT CAR--IT
WAS PLACED WHERE
IT WOULD BE CON-
VENIENT FOR US TO
USE IT TO CHASE THEM--
BUT NOW THAT BROWNE
HAS IT, THE CROOKS
ARE AFRAID OF IT!

THE DYNAMITE LADEN CAR FORCES THE TWO VANS FILLED
WITH ART TREASURES OFF THE ROAD....

BROWNE
ISN'T WAITING--
BUT THE CONJURER
AND HIS BOYS
ARE!

HERE'S
WHERE I MAKE
YOU DISAPPEAR,
CONJURER--INTO
STATE PRISON!

MAYBE A DOSE OF
TOMMY-GUN SLUGS
WILL CHANGE YOUR
MIND, BATMAN--
IF I CAN GET THIS
MECHANISM WORKING!

AFTER THIS THEY
OUGHT TO CHANGE
YOUR NAME FROM
CREEPER TO FLIER!

RELAX, TRIGGER--
YOU'VE HAD A
BUSY DAY!

I'LL BLAST
YOU LIKE THE
TIME-BOMB IN THAT
CAR WILL BLAST BROWNE--
**OW! I MEAN--
I GIVE UP!**

YOU'LL
BLAST US LIKE--
WHAT?

WE PUT A BOMB IN THAT
CAR ON BROWNE'S ADVICE,
AND LEFT THE MOTOR RUNNING,
SO YOU'D GRAB IT AND CHASE
US! IT WAS SET TO GO OFF
IN TEN MINUTES!

WE'LL
NEED THE
BATPLANE!

THEN THE
CAR WAS A
TRAP! TEN
MINUTES!...
**LET'S GO,
ROBIN!**

MEANWHILE, A
TIMID LITTLE MAN
WHO DREAMED
HEROIC DREAMS, IS
WILLING TO MAKE THE
SUPREME SACRIFICE!

THE LIFE OF AN OLD
CODGER LIKE ME DOESN'T
MATTER-- BUT IF THE
CAR BLEW UP HERE,
SOMEONE ELSE MIGHT
GET KILLED! I'VE GOT TO
GET OUTSIDE THE CITY AND
TAKE A CHANCE ON SAVING
MYSELF!

NOW I'LL SLOW
DOWN AND GET
OUT, IF THERE'S
TIME - AND IF
THERE ISN'T, I
ONLY HOPE THE
BATMAN AND
ROBIN TAKE
CARE OF MY
COLLECTION AND SEE
THAT SOME ABLE MAN
FINISHES MY BOOK!

**JUMP!
YOU'VE
GOT LESS
THAN A
SECOND!**

**WHAT!
BATMAN!**

I SUSPECTED THE CAR OF BEING
A TRAP, EVEN BEFORE THE **CON-
JURER** TOLD ME! AND I KNOW
THE REST OF THE STORY,
TOO!

HE FOOLED ME
AT FIRST-- AND THEN HE
KIDNAPPED ME! I TRIED TO
LEAVE A SYMBOLIC WARNING
FOR YOU IN MY ROOM--AND I
INTENDED ALL ALONG TO MAKE
SURE THE BOMB KILLED NO
ONE, UNLESS IT WAS ME!

THERE GOES
THE **CONJURER'S**
LAST TRICK!

AND LIKE ALL OF
THEM, IT'S NOT DOING
HIM A BIT OF GOOD!

BOOM

DAYS LATER...

YOU REALLY THINK
I'VE WRITTEN A GOOD BOOK?
YOU'RE NOT SAYING SO JUST
TO PLEASE ME?

IT'S THRILLING EVEN
TO ME--AND I ACTUALLY
EXPERIENCED THE AD-
VENTURES IT TELLS
ABOUT!... AND NOW I
WANT TO READ YOU
THE PREFACE I PROM-
ISED TO WRITE FOR IT!!

...AND SO YOU SEE, AMER-
ICA'S HIGHEST IDEALS --
HONESTY, LOYALTY, COUR-
AGE-- WERE NOT IN-
VENTED BY THE **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN** AT ALL, BUT
WERE BORROWED FROM
SUCH FINE AMERICANS AS
THE AUTHOR OF THIS
VOLUME--**B. BOSWELL
BROWNE!**

I'M SO
HAPPY I
COULD CRY!

THE END

PROF.

PIPP

ASTROLOGER PAR EXCELLENCE —
HE TELLS YOU UNCANNY FACTS ABOUT
THE FUTURE WITH UNERRING CONFUSION
AND UTTER LACK OF COMMON SENSE —
— MEET THE PROFESSOR —

GOOD EVENING, FOLKS, -- IN
TO-NIGHT'S LESSON I INTEND TO
DISCUSS SOME VERY REMARKABLE
EVENTS THAT ARE SCHEDULED TO
HAPPEN SHORTLY DUE WHOLLY TO A
RECENT CURDLING OF THE ENTIRE
MILKY WAY, CAUSED BY TAURUS
MERGING WITH GEMINI AND
LIBRA. -- LET'S GO !!



MY FIRST PREDICTION IS THAT THE
AXIS COUNTRIES WILL SOON RUN OUT
OF THEIR IMITATION ERSATZ COFFEE
AND WILL BE FORCED TO DRINK A NEW
IMITATION - ERSATZ - ERSATZ - ERSATZ
COFFEE

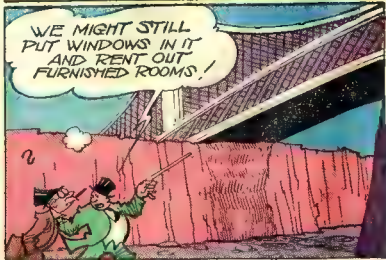
A \$12,000,000 BRIDGE WILL BE ERECTED
ACROSS A RIVER IN OHIO AND 48 HOURS
AFTER ITS COMPLETION THE RIVER
WILL CHANGE ITS COURSE, -- SWINGING
TEN MILES N, BY N, E, OF THE BRIDGE --

ACH ! - THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME IN MY LIFE I EVER DRANK
NO COFFEE OUT OF NO CUP !

SHOOOSH ! -- HAVE
A NICE NO PLATE
OF NO BEEF



WE MIGHT STILL
PUT WINDOWS IN IT
AND RENT OUT
FURNISHED ROOMS !



A SUBMARINE FROM ONE OF THE GREAT LAKES TRAINING BASES WILL COME UP IN A BUFFALO CELLAR NIGHT CLUB DUE TO A BROKEN WATER MAIN -- A GOOD TIME WILL BE HAD BY ALL --

A NEW KIND OF FLOOR SHOW I GUESS -- AND IT'S A WOW !!

BRAVO!

LAFAYETTE
WE ARE HERE
BUT WHERE ARE YOU ?

A YOUNG FLORIDA INVENTOR WILL PERFECT A METHOD OF BOTTLING SUNSHINE THAT WILL MAKE UMBRELLAS TOTALLY UNNECESSARY --

A NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL FOR MEN'S SUITS WILL BE DISCOVERED MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF OLD NEWSPAPERS --

OPEN YOUR COAT, CHUM,
THIS STORY IS CONTINUED
ON YOUR VEST --!

TO SPEED UP PRODUCTION A 48 HOUR DAY WILL BE DEvised BY MERELY WELDING TWO CLOCKS TOGETHER --

400 WAACS WILL BECOME WAVES,
400 WAVES WILL BECOME SPARS, --
AND 400 MARINES WILL BECOME BEFUZZLED --

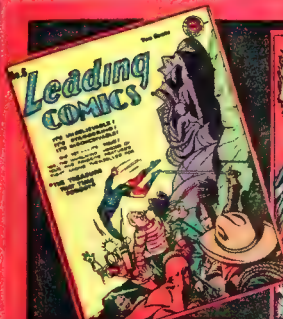
GO HOME AND SLEEP ALL THURSDAY AFTERNOON -- BUT GET BACK HERE EARLY FRIDAY MORNING -- A HALF AN HOUR FROM NOW --!!

NOW I DON'T KNOW WHETHER MARGIE IS IN DULUTH, -- SEATTLE, -- SHANGHAI, OR NEW ORLEANS!

THE MANUFACTURE OF BATHING SUITS (BEING A LUXURY) WILL BE STOPPED FOR THE DURATION AND MOONLIGHT BATHING WILL BE SUBSTITUTED -- MOONLIGHT BATHING THEN BEING RESTRICTED THE SATURDAY NIGHT WASHTUB WILL BE SUBSTITUTED --

IN MY NEXT BROADCAST I INTEND TO TAKE THE ENTIRE ZODIAC APART AND TELL YOU JUST WHAT MAKES EACH OF THE TWELVE MONTHS GLICK !
S' LONG NOW --
I'LL BE SEEN' YA !!

BAW !!



**BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!**



**NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!**



BAT MAN

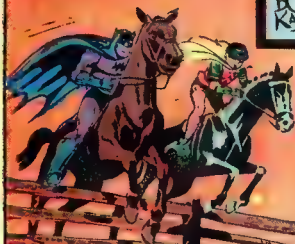
WITH
ROBIN

BOB
KANE

THE MISS-S-S-S OF A SINISTER FISHERMAN'S REEL, THE CRASH OF A BIG GAME RIFLE, AND THE BAYING OF HUNTING HOUNDS, ECHO OVER THE ROAR OF TRAFFIC IN GOTHAM CITY'S CROWDED CANYONS AS THE UNPREDICTABLE PENGUIN SPRINGS THE MOST FANTASTIC SURPRISE OF HIS COLORFUL CAREER OF CRIME!

BUT WHEN IT COMES TO SKILL IN THE CHASE, NONE CAN SURPASS THE BATTLING BATMAN AND THE RECKLESS ROBIN -- AND HERE, IN ONE OF THE MADDEST TALES EVER TO FIND ITS WAY INTO THESE PAGES, THEY COME TO GRIPS WITH A POWERFUL AND DEADLY FOE AS ---

"THE PENGUIN GOES A-HUNTING!"

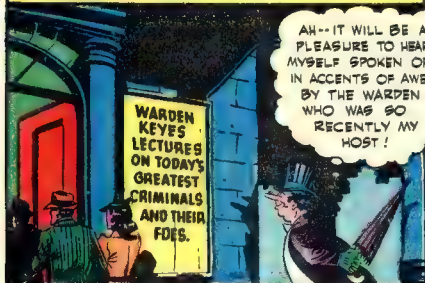


FOR VICTORY

BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

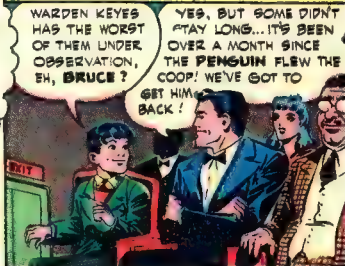


THE PENGUIN, GROTESQUE BIRD OF ILL OMEN, ATTENDS A LECTURE ON A SUBJECT DEAR TO HIS VAINGLORIOUS HEART...



AH--IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO HEAR MYSELF SPOKEN OF IN ACCENTS OF AWE BY THE WARDEN WHO WAS SO RECENTLY MY HOST!

A SUBJECT, IT HAPPENS, THAT IS ALSO OF INTEREST TO **BRUCE WAYNE** WEALTHY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN, AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **PICK GRAYSON**...



WARDEN KEYES HAS THE WORST OF THEM UNDER OBSERVATION, EH, BRUCE?

YES, BUT SOME DIDN'T STAY LONG...IT'S BEEN OVER A MONTH SINCE THE PENGUIN FLEW THE COOP! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK!

AMONG THE CRIME-SMASHERS, OF COURSE, THE **BATMAN** STANDS SUPREME, WITH **ROBIN** SHARING HIS GLORY...



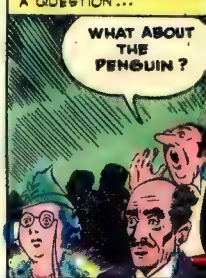
I WAS WONDERING IF HE'D DRAG ME INTO THIS!

AMONG THE MOST DANGEROUS CROOKS, THE **JOKER**, THE **CAT-WOMAN** AND THE **SCARECROW** TOP THE INFAMOUS LIST!...



WHAT? NO MENTION OF ME?

UNABLE TO ENDURE SUCH NEGLECT, THE PLUMP LITTLE ROGUE SHOUTS A QUESTION...

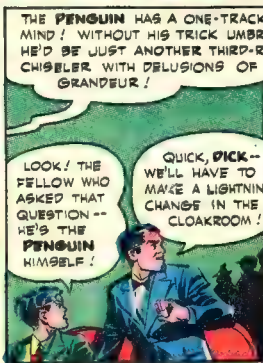


WHAT ABOUT THE PENGUIN?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED, WHOEVER YOU ARE... THE **PENGUIN** IS AS MEAN AND LOWDOWN AS ANY OF THEM, BUT NOT AS IN-GENIOUS AND INVENTIVE!



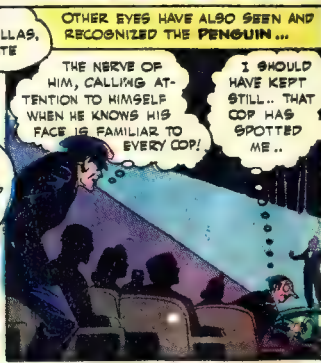
THE **PENGUIN** HAS A ONE-TRACK MIND! WITHOUT HIS TRICK UMBRELLAS, HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER THIRD-RATE CHISELER WITH DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR!



LOOK! THE FELLOW WHO ASKED THAT QUESTION-- HE'S THE **PENGUIN** HIMSELF!

QUICK, **PICK**-- WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A LIGHTNING CHANGE IN THE CLOAKROOM!

OTHER EYES HAVE ALSO SEEN AND RECOGNIZED THE **PENGUIN**...



THE NERVE OF HIM, CALLING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF WHEN HE KNOWS HIS FACE IS FAMILIAR TO EVERY COP!

I SHOULD HAVE KEPT STILL... THAT COP HAS SPOTTED ME..

HALT! I'VE GOT YOU CORNERED!

THE WARDEN
MAY NOT THINK MUCH
OF MY UMBRELLAS --
BUT I'M GLAD I'M
NOT WITHOUT ONE
TODAY!

SUDDENLY TWO AWE-INSPIRING FIG-
URES DART FROM THE CLOAKROOM
-- THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!

I'M NOT SO
INGENIOUS, EH? THEN WHY
CAN'T THE **BATMAN**
CATCH ME?

I'VE DONE IT
BEFORE, MY
FINE FEATHERED
FRIEND -- AND I'LL
DO IT
AGAIN!

WELL, WELL--
THIS TOWN IS
OVERCROWDED
WITH POLICE
OFFICERS!

THAT UMBRELLA
WOULD BE A DEAD
GIVEAWAY EVEN IF I
DIDN'T RECOGNIZE
YOUR FACE, **PENGUIN**!
YOU CAN BLAME IT
FOR GETTING YOU
CAUGHT!

BUT THE **PENGUIN**'S UM-
BRELLAS HAVE MANY AND
STRANGE USES -- OF WHICH
THIS ONE IS ONE OF THE
SIMPLEST ...

YOU MEAN, I CAN
THANK IT FOR
NOT GETTING
CAUGHT!

OW!
MY
HAND!

IT'S
UP TO
US,
ROBIN!

DOWN PLUMMETS THE CRIME-
BATTLING DUO BUT FATE IS
ON THE SIDE OF EVIL TODAY!

CAREFUL,
BATMAN!
YOU'LL HURT
YOURSELF,
-- I HOPE!

AND NOT
ANOTHER CAR
OR TAXI
IN SIGHT!

OOOPS!....
I'LL CLIP YOUR
WINGS YET,
PENGUIN!

SO ONE MORE
SPECTACULAR
ESCAPE IS AD-
DED TO THE
PENGUIN'S
LONG RECORD
OF CROOKED
ACHIEVEMENTS
-- BUT STRANGELY,
HE IS NOT HAP-
PY ABOUT IT...

MY UMBRELLAS ARE AS
USEFUL AS EVER BUT
PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING
TO LAUGH AT THEM-- I
CAN'T STAND BEING LAUGHED
AT!

IN ORDER TO WIN
BACK MY REPUTATION,
I'LL HAVE TO STARTLE
MY PUBLIC WITH NEW
WEAPONS, A NEW
TECHNIQUE!... HMM--
PERHAPS I NEED
LOOK NO FARTHER...

SPORTING GOODS
HALL OF
HUNTING
AND FISHING
EQUIPMENT

LATER, IN THE **BRUCE WAYNE HOME**...

NOW I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?

MAYBE, AFTER HIS RECENT EXPERIENCE WITH THE **BATMAN**, HE'S RUNNING FOR THE TALL TIMBER!

GOTHAM GAZETTE
**PENGUIN GETS
RODS AND GUNS
IN DARING
SPORTING GOOD
ROBBERY!**

BUT AT "**PENGUIN MANOR**", A PALATIAL PENTHOUSE
HIDEOUT...

IZAAK WALTON
COULDN'T DO BETTER!
BUT INSTEAD OF
GOLDFISH, I SHALL
ANGLE FOR
RICHES!

AND THE GAME THE WILY **PENGUIN** SEEKS
IS NEITHER FURRED NOR FEATHERED-- BUT,
AS HE PROVES NEXT DAY, GILT-EDGED!

THIS A LIKELY SPOT
TO MAKE A GOOD CATCH!

THE SWISH OF A SILKEN
LINE AND THE WHIR OF A
WELL-OILED REEL ARE
LOST IN THE TRAFFIC NOISES
THAT FILL THE DEEP CANYONS
OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...

HOW THOUGHTFUL OF
PEOPLE TO LEAVE SO
MANY WINDOWS
OPEN!

IN A **BROKERAGE OFFICE**...

MISS MEECHAM, YOU'D
BETTER PUT THESE BONDS
BACK IN THE SAFE NOW!

WHERE ARE THEY, MR.
THROCKMORTON?

WHY, THEY'RE
RIGHT -- HUH?...
**THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED--
HALF A
MILLION
DOLLARS
WORTH!**

IN THE NEARBY OFFICES OF A
LOAN COMPANY...

NOW BEFORE
I GIVE YOU THE
EIGHTY THOUS-
AND DOLLARS,
MR. BULLET,
THERE ARE
CERTAIN PAPERS
TO BE SIGNED...

LET'S GET IT
OVER WITH!
I WANT TO
RUSH THAT
MONEY TO
THE BANK BEFORE
IT CLOSES!

AND AT THE END OF AN HOUR'S EXCELLENT FISHING...

GOOD FISHING, BUT TAME! I'LL HAVE TO SEE IF I CAN'T FIGURE OUT A MORE EXCITING SPORT USING MY NEW GUNS!



PRESENTLY, AS BRUCE WAYNE LEAVES A DIRECTOR'S MEETING AT ONE OF THE DOWNTOWN BANKS...

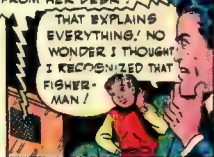
THAT FISHERMAN'S WALK SEEMS FAMILIAR... OH, WELL--HE'S PROBABLY SOME BROKER I'VE MET SOMEWHERE, JUST GETTING STARTED ON HIS VACATION...



BUT THAT EVENING...

... A CLUE TO TODAY'S MYSTERIOUS CASH AND BOND THEFTS WAS PROVIDED BY A STENOGRAPHER WHO THOUGHT SHE SAW A FISHERMAN'S FLY AND HOOK FLASH PAST HER FACE JUST BEFORE A PACKAGE OF VALUABLE CERTIFICATES VANISHED FROM HER DESK.

THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING! NO WONDER I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED THAT FISHERMAN!



MIDNIGHT AND A RAKISH CAR BEGINS A GRIM PATROL OF SHADOWED STREETS -- THE BATMOBILE!

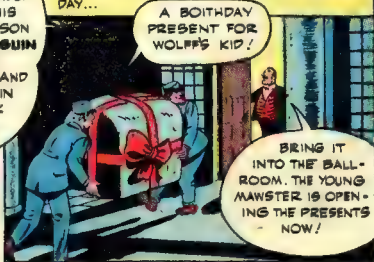
SO YOU THINK THE PENGUIN HAS TURNED SPORTSMAN-- EXCEPT THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF "SPORTSMANSHIP?"



YES, ROBIN... AFTER THE WAY WARDEN KEYES RIDICULED HIS UMBRELLAS, A PERSON AS VAIN AS THE PENGUIN WOULD LOOK FOR SOMETHING NEW-- AND HE'S JUST LAID IN A LARGE STOCK OF ROPS AND GUNS!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MEN DELIVER A BULKY PARCEL TO THE PRETENTIOUS MANSION OF TYRUS WOLFF, WHO IS HOLDING A GLITTERING BALL IN HONOR OF HIS YOUNG SON'S BIRTHDAY...

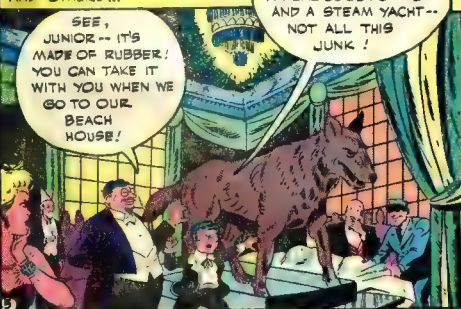
A BOIRTHDAY PRESENT FOR WOLFF'S KID!



BRING IT INTO THE BALL-ROOM. THE YOUNG MAWSTER IS OPENING THE PRESENTS - NOW!

A BADLY SPOILED YOUNGSTER VIEWS THE GIFTS OF FRIENDS-- AND OTHERS...

SEE, JUNIOR-- IT'S MADE OF RUBBER! YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU WHEN WE GO TO OUR BEACH HOUSE!



I DON'T WANT IT! I WANT AN AIRPLANE AND A REAL LOCOMOTIVE AND A STEAM YACHT-- NOT ALL THIS JUNK!

OUTSIDE, THE FOLIAGE OF A TREE RUSTLES AS A STEALTHY HUNTMAN TAKES AIM....

IT APPEARS THE YOUNG MAN DOES NOT CARE FOR MY GIFT! .. I'M SURE I'LL LIKE THE ONES I AM ABOUT TO RECEIVE!



THE ROAR OF A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE ECHOES, AND...

WHATEVER IT WAS, IT'S RUINED THAT HORRID TOY-- AND I'M GLAD!

WHAT WAS THAT?

BANG!

JUNIOR'S NEWEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT IS NOT THE ONLY THING TO COLLAPSE AS A GREY MIST SPREADS THROUGH THE BALLROOM...

HEY! I'M CHOKING, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! I-- OO-O-O...

GAS!... UH-HH...

MAKE IT SNAPPY WITH THAT MASK, LEFTY, OR YOU'LL TAKE A NAP WITH THE REST OF 'EM!

LOOKA DA POILS, GUS! DEY'LL BRING SOME REAL CASH!

SPEAKIN' OF CASH-- HERE'S DA BIGGEST BANKROLL I'VE SEEN DIS SEASON!

NOT FAR AWAY, THE ECHOES OF THE RIFLE SHOT HAVE REACHED EARS LISTENING FOR JUST SUCH A DISTINCTIVE SOUND...

LISTEN! THAT WAS A SHOT FROM A BIG GAME RIFLE!

GOOD HUNTING FOR US, EH, BATMAN?

THAT SHOT WAS FIRED RIGHT AROUND HERE, ROBIN!

AND THOSE FELLOWS ARE MAKING A HIGH-SPEED GETAWAY!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

SLOW DOWN SO WE CAN LOOK YOU OVER!

DA BATMAN!

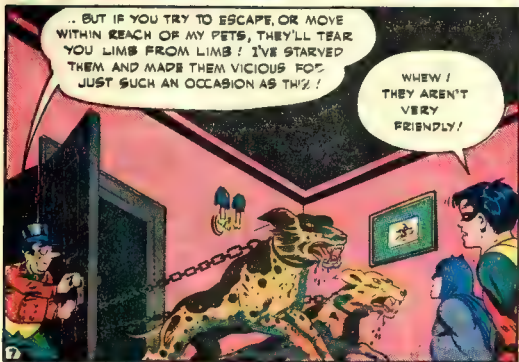
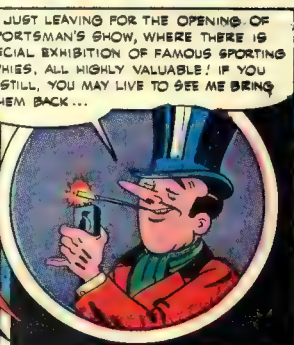
AN' ROBIN!

THIS IS FOR YOU-- AND IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THE PENGUIN'S ROOSTING THESE DAYS, I HAVE SOMETHING FOR HIM, TOO!

AHH-HH...



SO IT IS THAT THE BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE HOURS LATER, TO FIND --



AS A MATTER OF FACT, THEY MAY STILL RECOGNIZE US AS FRIENDS IF WE MAKE OURSELVES CLEAR TO THEM... AT LEAST, I CAN TRY... NICE DOGGY!

I'D JUST AS SOON MAKE FRIENDS WITH A BUZZ-SAW!



IT IS TRUE THAT DOGS OFTEN DISPLAY SOMETHING VERY LIKE HUMAN UNDERSTANDING -- AND AS THE BATMAN'S PERSUASIVE VOICE GOES ON GENTLY...

YOU DON'T LIKE THE PENGUIN ANY BETTER THAN WE DO, EH? MAYBE WE CAN GET TOGETHER ON THIS...



ABRUPTLY, THE CRIME-SMASHER THROWS HIS WEIGHT BACK AGAINST HIS CHAIR, AND --

HEY --- WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THESE DOGS ARE HUNGRY BUT A LITTLE LESS FEROCIOUS! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO CHEW ON BESIDES US!



THEY'RE QUIETER! DARNED IF I DON'T BELIEVE THEY KNOW A REAL MAN WHEN THEY SEE HIM, AFTER ALL!

STRAINING AGAINST THE ROPES, HIS HANDS GRASP ONE OF THE FALLEN CANDLES...

I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BUT IT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME!

THESE CANDLES ARE MADE OF TALLOW, WHICH IS NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN SUET... AND SUET, EVEN WHEN FLAVORED WITH MANILLA ROPE, IS BOUND TO TASTE GOOD TO A STARVING DOG!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? HERE'S HOPING THEY'RE NOT TOO UN-FRIENDLY TOWARD ME NOW!

I GET IT! YOU'VE RUBBED THE TALLOW ON THE ROPES AT YOUR WRISTS, AND NOW THE DOGS ARE CHEWING THE ROPES IN HALF!



MEANWHILE, A HUGE VAN STOPS AT THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT ARENA WHERE THE SPORTSMAN'S SHOW IS IN PROGRESS...

THEY'RE PART OF THE FOX AND HOUNDS EXHIBIT!

I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT... GO ON IN!



YOU'RE SURE THESE HORSES ARE EXPERIENCED JUMPERS, TURK?

THEY OUGHTTA BE... I SWIPED 'EM FROM THE ELITE HORN AND HUNT CLUB STABLES!



WITHIN THE ARENA...

HERE
WE GO, MEN--
THE FOUR
HORSEMEN
OF THE
UNDERWORLD!

YOICKS!
WHERE'S

THUNDERING HOOPS STARTLE EXHIBITORS
AND SPECTATORS ALIKE, AS A STRANGE
CROSS-COUNTRY HUNT SWEEPS THROUGH
THE CROWDED HALL!

STOP! YOU
CAN'T RIDE
THOSE
HORSES UP
HERE!

HOW WRONG YOU
ARE, MY FRIEND!

DO I HAVE TO
DEMONSTRATE
MY MARKSMAN-
SHIP ON YOU
TO PROVE MY
RIGHT TO
THOSE TROPHIES?

N-NO!...GO RIGHT
AHEAD AND HELP
Y-YOURSELVES!

T'ANKS
FOR DA
INVITATION!

FAMOUS
SPORTING
TROPHIES
of HISTORY

GREEDY HANDS STUFF JEWELLED
CUPS AND STATUES OF EXQUIS-
ITE WORKMANSHIP INTO STOUT
SACKS...

DON'T BOTHER
WITH THE PLAIN GOLD AND SIL-
VER ONES...AND DON'T MISS ANY
DIAMONDS EMERALDS OR RUBIES!

HOW ABOUT DA
SPOILS ON DIS ONE,
WHAT USED TA B'LONG
TA SOME LOUIE DA
THO'TEENTH?

SUDDENLY...

IT'S THEM!

Y-I-I-I
LOOK!

THOSE
DOGS...THEY'LL
TEAR US
TO PIECES!

GO GET 'EM!

THOSE CROOKS
DON'T REALIZE
I'VE ALREADY
FED THE DOGS!

WHAT
A TIME FOR
A HORSE
TO GO
TEMPERAMENTAL!



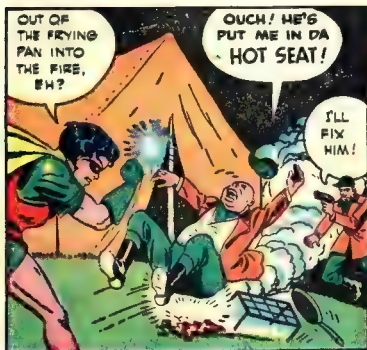
THOSE MUTTS
AIN'T GONNA
GET ME!

CAMPING
EXHIBIT
LIVE
RACCOON
IN
TREE



PRISON
OUGHT TO
LOOK
GOOD WHEN
YOU GET
OUT OF
THAT MESS!

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
YA DID IT--
BUT DIS TIME
T'S FER KEEPS!



OUT OF
THE FRYING
PAN INTO
THE FIRE,
EH?

OUCH! HE'S
PUT ME IN DA
HOT SEAT!

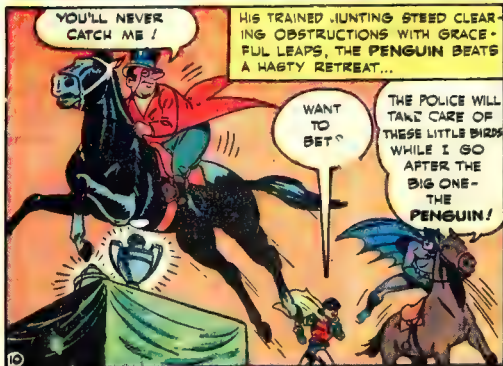
I'LL
FIX
HIM!



BANG

ASH-N-N

WHEN A CANOE
PADDLES A MAN--
THAT'S NEWS!

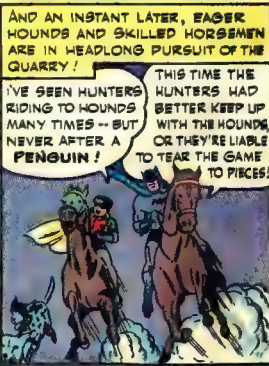


YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME!

HIS TRAINED HUNTING STEED CLEAR-
ING OBSTRUCTIONS WITH GRACE-
FUL LEAPS, THE PENGUIN BEATS
A WAGGY RETREAT...

WANT
TO
BET?

THE POLICE WILL
TAKE CARE OF
THESE LITTLE BIRDS
WHILE I GO
AFTER THE
BIG ONE--
THE
PENGUIN!



AND AN INSTANT LATER, EAGER
HOUNDS AND SKILLED HORSEMEN
ARE IN HEADLONG PURSUIT OF THE
QUARRY!

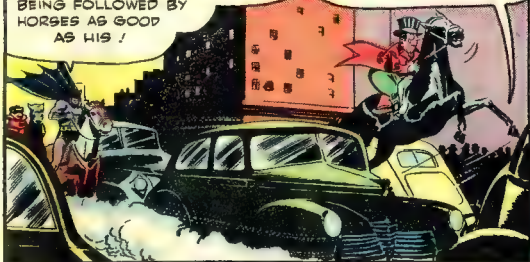
I'VE SEEN HUNTERS
RIDING TO HOUNDS
MANY TIMES-- BUT
NEVER AFTER A
PENGUIN!

THIS TIME THE
HUNTERS HAD
BETTER KEEP UP
WITH THE HOUNDS,
OR THEY'RE LIABLE
TO TEAR THE GAME
TO PIECES!

TRAFFIC IS SNARLED AS THROGS THRILL TO THE SPECTACULAR CHASE.

HE COUNTED ON JAMMING THE STREETS
SO POLICE CARS COULDN'T GO AFTER
HIM -- BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON
BEING FOLLOWED BY
HORSES AS GOOD
AS HIS!

IT'S THE **BATMAN** AND
ROBIN! THEY'RE AFTER
THE **PENGUIN!**



HALF A BLOCK AHEAD, A
POLICE PROWLER SWERVES
TO CLOSE THE STREET...

IT'S THE **PENGUIN!**
CATCHING HIM WILL
BE A FEATHER IN
OUR CAPS!



HALT! YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!

FOOLS! DO THEY THINK I
DON'T REALIZE THEY CAN'T
SHOOT IN THESE CROWDS!

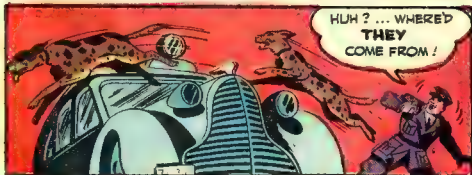


TELL THE COMMISSIONER
HE'LL HAVE TO WAIT
AWHILE FOR
THE PLEASURE
OF MY
COMPANY.

WHA--?



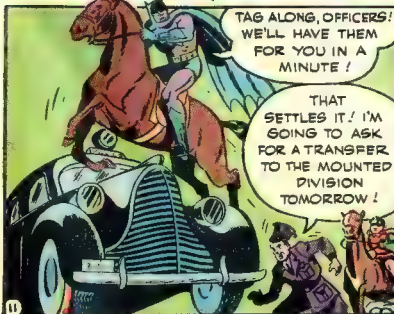
HUH? ... WHERE'D
THEY
COME FROM!



FRIGHTENED BY THE HARRYING HOUNDS,
THE **PENGUIN'S** HORSE SWERVES INTO
AN OPEN AIR RESTAURANT, DESERTED
IN THE MID-MORNING LULL...

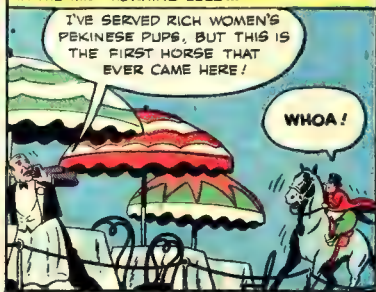
TAG ALONG, OFFICERS!
WE'LL HAVE THEM
FOR YOU IN A
MINUTE!

THAT
SETTLES IT! I'M
GOING TO ASK
FOR A TRANSFER
TO THE MOUNTED
DIVISION
TOMORROW!



I'VE SERVED RICH WOMEN'S
PEKINESE PUPS, BUT THIS IS
THE FIRST HORSE THAT
EVER CAME HERE!

WHOA!



CORNERED, THE DESPERATE PENGUIN MAKES A LAST STAND...

I'LL EMPTY THIS PISTOL INTO THE CROWD UNLESS YOU DISMOUNT AND CHASE YOUR HORSES AWAY.

TIE UP THOSE DOGS, AND GIVE ME A FRESH START!

WE CAN'T SEE INNOCENT PEOPLE SHOT, ROBIN... WE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN!

WHAT! AND LET HIM GET AWAY?

BUT AS THE BATMAN DESCENDS FROM HIS HORSE, HIS HAND SEIZES THE VELVET ROPE ENCLOSING THE TABLES...

IF WE WERE THE ONLY ONES IN RANGE, I'D SAY, LET HIM SHOOT!!

ALL AT ONCE, THE ASTOUNDING SPECTACLE OF HUGE, VARIOLORED UMBRELLAS SPINNING, LEAPING AND DANCING STARTLES THE ALREADY UNNERVED HORSE INTO A FRENZY!

NO, YOU STUPID BRUTE! GET STARTED BACK THE WAY WE CAME!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO----- BLUB!

THIS COOKS HIS GOOSE!

NOW IF HE WERE A DUCK, HE WOULDN'T MIND SO MUCH!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET YOU SOME NICE DRY CLOTHES -- WITH HORIZONTAL STRIPES!

YOU BLASTED MEDDLERS! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU--

NEXT DAY, WARDEN KEYES GREETES AN OLD LODGER AT THE STATE PRISON...

SO YOU'RE ONLY A BIRD IN AN UNGILDED CAGE AGAIN, PENGUIN!

AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU TALKED ME INTO GIVING UP MY UMBRELLAS FOR UNFAMILIAR WEAPONS, AND THE BATMAN FINALLY CAUGHT ME-- WITH UMBRELLAS!

WHILE AT THE WAYNE HOME...

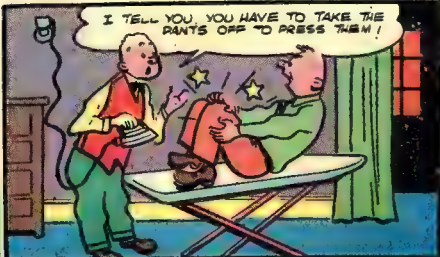
IS IT TRUE THAT YOU GOT THE WARDEN TO MAKE FUN OF THE PENGUIN'S UMBRELLAS, HOPING TO GOAD HIM INTO OVERREACHING HIMSELF?

RIGHT, DICK! YOU SEE HIS TENDEREST SPOT IS HIS VANITY! HE REFUSES TO BELIEVE THAT HE'S TOO OLD A BIRD TO LEARN NEW TRICKS!

TSK TSK! SUCH UNSPORTSMANLIKE LANGUAGE!

THE END.

LAFFS



MODEL PLANES

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BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

IN A HISTORIC AMERICAN CITY, MEN PLAN A CELEBRATION TO COMMEMORATE THE COURAGEOUS DEEDS OF THEIR PIONEER FOREFATHERS --WHILE IN THE MURKY SHADOWS OF THE UNDERWORLD, A CUNNING CRIME CZAR PLOTS A FANTASTIC FIESTA OF FELONY!

BUT WITH A BOLDNESS AND DARING WORTHY TO RANK WITH THE STIRRING EPICS OF THE PAST, THE MIGHTY **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** SWING INTO PERILOUS ACTION TO REVISE AN UNSCHEDULED EVENT IN THE CELEBRATION WHICH HAS BEEN TURNED INTO A ...

"ROGUES' PAGEANT!"



A MOST REMARKABLE MAN IS ALFRED, WHO ALONE OF ALL LIVING PERSONS SHARES THE DANGEROUS SECRET OF THE DUAL IDENTITY OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON - THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!



IN FACT, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN A STRANGER MIGHT HAVE TROUBLE DECIDING WHICH IS SERVANT AND WHICH MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD!

AND FURTHERMORE, MR. WAYNE -- BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, AND ALL THAT ROT -- I'VE DECIDED TO PUT MY FOOT DOWN!

NOW, ALFRED--



BOTH YOU AND THE YOUNG MAWSTER HAVE WORN YOURSELVES OUT BATTLIN' FOOTPADS AND SCALAWAGS, AND IT'S MY DUTY TO SEE THAT YOU TAKE A REAL REST!



WE'LL TAKE IT EASY ON OUR VACATION--HONEST!

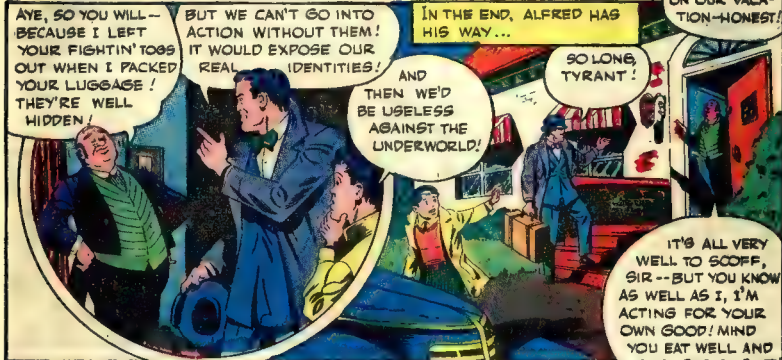
AYE, SO YOU WILL-- BECAUSE I LEFT YOUR FIGHTIN' TOGS OUT WHEN I PACKED YOUR LUGGAGE! THEY'RE WELL HIDDEN!

BUT WE CAN'T GO INTO ACTION WITHOUT THEM! IT WOULD EXPOSE OUR REAL IDENTITIES!

IN THE END, ALFRED HAS HIS WAY...

AND THEN WE'D BE USELESS AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!

SO LONG, TYRANT!



IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SCOFF, SIR-- BUT YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I, I'M ACTING FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! MIND YOU EAT WELL AND GET LOTS OF SLEEP!

OR DOES HE?

HE'S GUESSED THIS ISN'T JUST A VACATION TRIP, BRUCE! HE KNOWS WE WOULDN'T DRIVE TO SANTO PABLO JUST FOR PLEASURE, WITH GAS AND RUBBER AS SCARCE AS THEY ARE!

VERY LIKELY, DICK! BUT I HAD AN IDEA HE MIGHT PROTEST, AND SO I PULLED A FAST ONE ON HIM...

IT'S LUCKY HE DIDN'T SUSPECT I PUT A SPARE BATMAN UNIFORM ON UNDERNEATH THESE CLOTHES!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, CHUM! LOOK!

AND NOW FOR HISTORIC SANTO PABLO, ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES OF THE SOUTHWEST! SUNSHINE, ROMANCE!

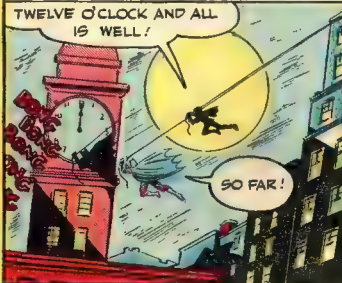
AND DANGER AND EXCITEMENT-- I HOPE!



HAVING
WITNESSED THE
OUTWITTING
OF THE EVER-
VILANT
ALFRED,
LET US TURN
THE CLOCK
BACK A FEW
HOURS
AND SEE
JUST WHY
THIS
"VACATION"
JAUNT IS
REALLY SOME-
THING MORE
THAN THAT...

LOOK SHARP, AND YOU'LL CATCH A GLIMPSE
OF TWO AWFUL SHADOWS FLITTING
ACROSS THE GOTHAM CITY ROOFTOPS ...

TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL
IS WELL!



SUDDENLY...

ROBIN, DO YOU
SEE WHAT I SEE?

IF YOU'RE
LOOKING WHERE
I AM,
BATMAN,
I THINK
I DO!

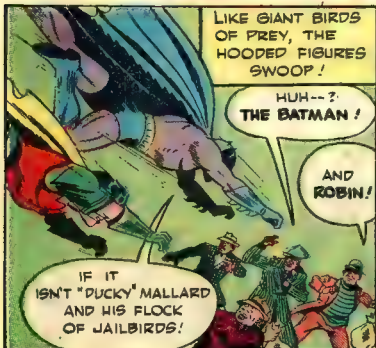


LIKE GIANT BIRDS
OF PREY, THE
HOODED FIGURES
SWOOP!

HUH--?
THE BATMAN!

AND
ROBIN!

IF IT
ISN'T "DUCKY" MALLARD
AND HIS FLOCK
OF JAILBIRDS!



IT'S A PLEASURE
TO GIVE YOU MY HAND,
"BULLET!"

MY
BULLETS
ARE
MISSIN'
HIM, BUT
HE AIN'T
MISSIN'
"BULLET!"



LET'S SETTLE THIS
ARGUMENT IN
A SPORTING
WAY, "SPORT"--
WITH FISTS!

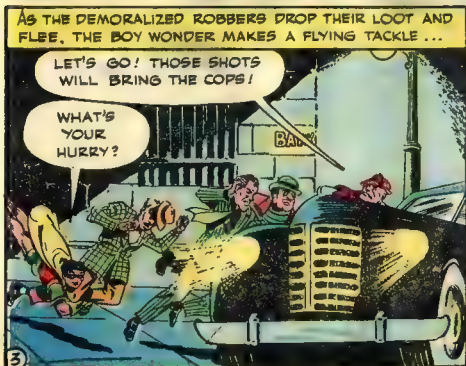
OW! WHO'S
GONNA SETTLE
MY STUMMICK?



AS THE DEMORALIZED ROBBERS DROP THEIR LOOT AND
FLEE, THE BOY WONDER MAKES A FLYING TACKLE ...

LET'S GO! THOSE SHOTS
WILL BRING THE COPS!

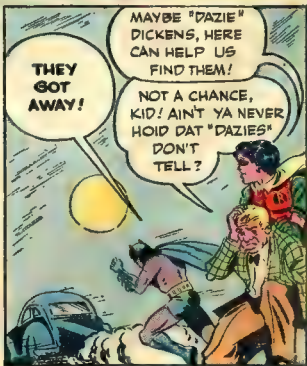
WHAT'S
YOUR
HURRY?



THEY
GOT
AWAY!

MAYBE "DAZIE"
DICKENS, HERE
CAN HELP US
FIND THEM!

NOT A CHANCE,
KID! AIN'T YA NEVER
HOID DAT "DAZIES"
DON'T
TELL?



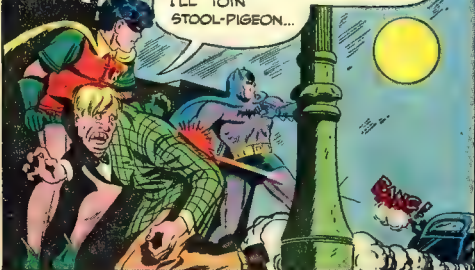
TRUE TO THE CODE OF THE UNDER-
WORLD, DAZIE MEANS TO REMAIN
SILENT-- BUT THE BOSS GANGSTER
DOES NOT TRUST HIS HENCHMAN...

SLOW UP! THE
BATMAN'S GOT
DAZIE, AND HE
KNOWS THE WHOLE
SCHEME! I CAN'T
HAVE HIM SQUEALING!

SO YOU'RE
GONNA SEAL
HIS LIPS WID
LEAD.
HUH?

ONE ACT OF TREACHERY LEADS TO ANOTHER...

OOOHHH!... DA DOLTY DOUBLE-CROSSER
PLUGGED ME!... JUST FOR DAT,
I'LL TOIN
STOOL-PIGEON...



I'M DYIN'... BUT
I'LL GET EVEN!
DUCKY'S TAKIN'...
DA MOB... TO
SANTO PABLO...
FOR...
AAAAAAH-
HHHHH....

FOR WHAT, DAZIE?...
TOO LATE!
HE'S
DEAD!

NOW
WE'LL
NEVER
KNOW!

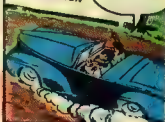
SANTO PABLO, EH?
I'D GO FURTHER
THAN THAT TO CLIP
DUCKY MALLARD'S
WINGS!

A CHANGE
OF
SCENERY
SOUNDS
GOOD TO
ME!

SO IT IS THAT, TWO
MORNINGS LATER,
A SLEEK ROADSTER
NEARS A THRIVING
LITTLE METROPOLIS
OF THE AMERICAN
SOUTHWEST...

A BIRTHDAY PARTY!
WE CAN COMBINE
BUSINESS
WITH
PLEASURE!

SANTO PABLO
300 ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION



BIG TORCHLIGHT
PAGEANT TONIGHT

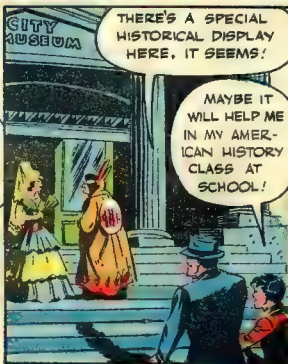
I'VE
GOT A WEAK-
NESS FOR COS-
TUME PARTIES.
LET'S MIX WITH
THE CROWDS!

VERY COLORFUL--
BUT IT WON'T MAKE
IT ANY EASIER TO
FIND DUCKY AND
HIS GANGSTERS!

CITY
MUSEUM

THERE'S A SPECIAL
HISTORICAL DISPLAY
HERE, IT SEEMS!

MAYBE IT
WILL HELP ME
IN MY AMER-
ICAN HISTORY
CLASS AT
SCHOOL!



MEMENTOES OF A GLAMOROUS PAST INSPIRE CITIZENS OF THE PRESENT ...

THOSE TWO FELLOWS IN COSTUME LOOK AS IF THEY BELONG IN THE DISPLAY, DON'T THEY?

YES--EXCEPT IN THOSE DAYS INDIANS AND WHITE MEN WEREN'T ALWAYS SO FRIENDLY!



ONE MIGHT SAY, A GOLDEN PAST!

NUGGETS OF PURE GOLD! THEY MUST BE WORTH THOUSANDS!

GOLD NUGGETS
FOUND IN THE EARLY MINES THAT SERVED SANTO PABLO

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, DICK! I HOPE THE MUSEUM GUARDS ARE KEEPING THEIR EYES OPEN!



LATER, AS BRUCE AND DICK LUNCH AT THEIR HOTEL, THE ANCIENT LUMPS OF GOLD MAKE MODERN HISTORY!

GREAT SCOTT! SOMEBODY LOOTED THE MUSEUM WITHOUT BEING SEEN, A FEW MINUTES AFTER WE WERE THERE!

WHAT! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE WE SAW IN COSTUME!

YOU MEAN IT MUST HAVE BEEN DUCKY MALLARD AND SOME OF HIS GANG IN DISGUISE! THIS WAS WHAT THEY WERE COMING HERE FOR--AND NOW THEY'VE MADE THEIR HAUL AND, VERY

LIKELY, A CLEAN GETAWAY!



SANTO PABLO IS A BUSY, BUSTLING, GAY CITY THAT AFTERNOON ...

EVEN IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT TOWN, THINK HOW EASILY THEY COULD LOSE THEMSELVES IN THIS CROWD AFTER DISGUIISING THEMSELVES!

SPEAKING OF CROWDS, THERE'S A BIG ONE IN FRONT OF THAT BANK!



IT'S A RE-ENACTMENT OF A FAMOUS BANK HOLDUP OF THE OLD DAYS, MISTER! THEY'RE MAKING MOVIES OF IT!

WHAT IF SOME CROOKS GOT THE IDEA OF TURNING IT INTO A REAL HOLDUP?



THEY WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! THE MAKE-BELIEVE ROBBERS ARE MASKED, BUT THEY'VE BEEN GIVEN IDENTIFICATION CARDS, AND THEY'RE STARTING FROM POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS!

THAT OUGHT TO MAKE IT SAFE!

HERE THEY COME!



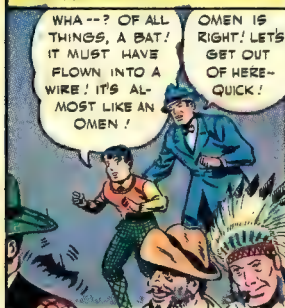
CLATTERING HOOPS AND THUNDERING GUNS BRING BACK ONE OF THE BANDIT EPICS OF THE SOUTHWEST ..



EVEN THE NIGHT-FLYING BATS ARE WAKENED AND STARTLED OUT OF A NEAR-BY BELLRY BY THE CRASHING OF SHOTS -- WHICH IS UNFORTUNATE FOR ONE OF THEM...



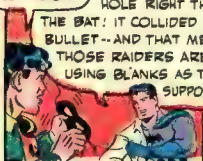
A SECOND LATER ...



IN A SECLUDED DOORWAY BEHIND THE CROWD, A SWIFT TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE..

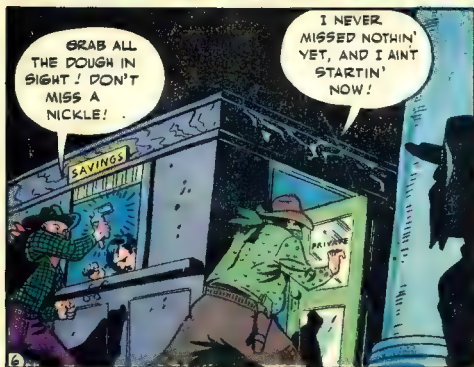
I DON'T GET IT! WHY DO WE SWITCH TO BATMAN AND ROBIN JUST BECAUSE A BAT HAD A HEAD-ON COLLISION?

BECAUSE THERE'S A HOLE RIGHT THROUGH THE BAT! IT COLLIDED WITH A BULLET--AND THAT MEANS THOSE RAIDERS AREN'T USING BLANKS AS THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO!



MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE

BANK... HA, HA! HERE'S YOUR LOOT, TWO GUN THOMPSON! TOO BAD IT'S STAGE MONEY, INSTEAD OF THE REAL STUFF I'VE GOT IN THE CASH DRAWER! JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME, IT'S GOING TO BE THE REAL STUFF!



ABRUPTLY...

TIME
TO
UNMASK,
GENTLEMEN!

HUH?... I'M HAVIN' A
NIGHTMARE!

NIGHTMARE
OR NOT,
KILL THEM!

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T SPORT!

I WISH I COULD
FORGET!

WE MET IN
GOTHAM CITY--
REMEMBER?

HELLO, BULLET, WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF GOING
AROUND DISGUISED
AS A BLANK
CARTRIDGE?

YOU SHOULD
HAVE DUCKED,
DUCKY
MALLARD!

I'LL FIX
YOU FOR
THIS IF IT'S
THE LAST
THING
I DO!

UNABLE TO FLEE,
THE BANDIT LEADER
HITS UPON AN
AUDACIOUS SCHEME...

I'M WEDGED IN
TIGHT!... I'M A
GONER--UNLESS I
CAN GET THE COPS
TO HELP ME! I'LL
TURN IN THE ALARM!

I
DONT KNOW
HOW YOU
GOT HERE,
BATMAN--
BUT YOU ARENT
GETTING AWAY
ALIVE!

I'M
SHOT!

AND DASHING TO ANSWER THE CLANGING SUMMONS, THE
POLICE ACCEPT THE FIRST EXPLANATION THEY HEAR!

GRAB THEM, OFFICERS! THEY'RE CROOKS,
DISGUISED AS THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**!
THEY SLUGGED THE TELLER AND BEAT
US, AND TRIED TO TURN
THIS INTO A REAL
ROBBERY!

HANDS UP,
OR WE'LL
MOW YOU
DOWN!

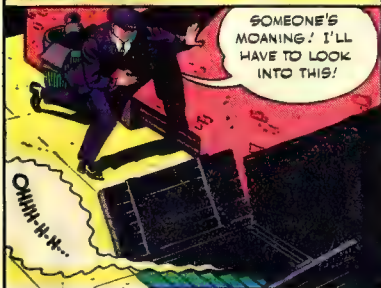
ALL IN ALL, IT'S THE NEATEST ESCAPE OF
THE YEAR!

SEE YOU
AT
HEADQUARTERS,
OFFICERS!

DON'T LET
THEM GET
AWAY! THEY
LIED TO YOU!
WE'RE REALLY
THE **BATMAN**
AND **ROBIN**!

TELL IT TO
THE DISTRICT
ATTORNEY!

SOME TIME LATER, ANOTHER PATROLMAN INVESTIGATES STRANGE SOUNDS FROM A DESERTED CELLAR.



SOMEONE'S MOANING! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!

OH-H-H-N...

AND A MYSTERY IS EXPLAINED!

ABOUT TIME SOMEONE FOUND US! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO REHEARSE THAT MAKE-BELIEVE BANK ROBBERY--BUT THREE GUN-MEN KIDNAPPED US, STOLE OUR COSTUMES AND IDENTIFICATION CARDS, AND LEFT US

JUMPING TADPOLES-- LIKE THIS!

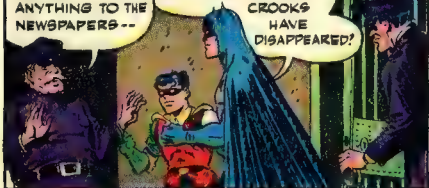
THIS WILL RAISE THE ROOF AT HEAD-QUARTERS!



AT THE POLICE STATION...

IT'S ALL BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE, **BATMAN!** WE KNOW THE TRUTH NOW! IF YOU'LL ONLY OVERLOOK THIS, AND NOT SAY ANYTHING TO THE NEWSPAPERS--

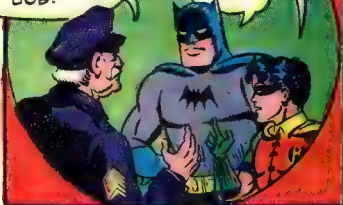
THE POLICE HAVE A TOUGH JOB AT ALL TIMES, CHIEF, AND **ROBIN** AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO MAKE IT TOUGHER! OF COURSE THE REAL CROOKS HAVE DISAPPEARED!



OF COURSE THEY DID! THE NERVE OF THEM-- MASQUERADING AS PEACEFUL CITIZENS, AND STARTING RIGHT FROM HEADQUARTERS TO PULL THAT JOB!

I SUPPOSE THEY'VE LEFT FOR PARTS UNKNOWN WITH THE SWAG!

HMMM!



NO, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE GONE! ALL CROOKS ARE EGO-MANIACS, AND THEIR SUCCESS THUS FAR WILL HAVE GONE TO THEIR HEADS! THEY'LL STRIKE AGAIN--PROBABLY TONIGHT, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE EXCITEMENT!

BUT WHERE? HOW? WITH MOST OF THE FORCE NEEDED TO HANDLE THE CROWDS, WHAT CAN I DO?

DRESS UP TWENTY OR THIRTY PICKED OFFICERS TO TAKE PART IN VARIOUS SECTIONS OF THE PARADE! **ROBIN** AND I WILL MAKE ALL OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE IN MIND, **BATMAN**, BUT I'LL DO IT! IT WOULD RUIN ME AND DISGRACE **SANTO PABLO**. IF THEY GOT AWAY WITH THIS!

WHAT IS THE **BATMAN'S** MYSTERIOUS PLAN? ALL AFTERNOON HE SITS IN A PRIVATE ROOM AT THE POLICE STATION, SCISSORING PAPER SILHOUETTES!

CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS! ANYONE WHO SAW YOU WOULD THINK THE **BATMAN** HAD GONE BATT'!

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS I HAVE? TELL THE CHIEF I'LL NEED A DOZEN POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS!



NIGHT -- AND
A LURID GLARE OF
TORCHES BEATS AGAINST
LOW-HANGING CLOUDS AND
IS REFLECTED BACK UPON AN
AMAZING PROCESSION OF WEIRD-
LY-GARBED MEN AND WOMEN.
WALKING AND RIDING LIKE
RISEN GHOSTS OF THE
PAST !

WA-WA-WAA-
A-A-A !

FIERCE AND HAUGHTY
RED MEN, WHO HELD
THE LAND BEFORE
PALEFACE ADVENTUR-
ERS ARRIVED FROM
BEYOND THE SEAS ..

SPANISH CONQUISTADORES WHO CAME TO ROB
THE INDIANS... AND BUCKSKIN-CLAD PIONE-
ERS WHO SOUGHT MORE ENDURING RICHES.

THOSE WERE
THE DAYS !

SOME
PIONEER YOU'D
HAVE MADE '
YOU CAN'T
EVEN KEEP
OUR LAWN
CUT !

BEARDED DREAMERS WHO PROSPECTED FOR
PRECIOUS METALS .. HARD RIDING CATTLE-
MEN OF THE PLAINS... AND ALL THE DANGER-
LOVING HOST THAT MANNED AMERICA'S FRONT-
IERS !

PIKE'S PEAK
OR
BUST !

HIGH ABOVE THE MAS-
SED RANKS OF SPEC-
TATORS, WHEELING BATS
ENCIRCLE TWO GRIM
WATCHERS ...

WE
AMERICANS HAD
SOME GREAT
ANCESTORS,
DIDN'T WE,
ROBIN ?

YES, BUT
WHAT IS DUCKY
MALLARD UP TO
WHILE WE
WATCH THE
CENTURIES GO
BY ?

WHAT IS DUCKY UP TO ? NOTHING GOOD,
WE MAY BE SURE !

LOOKIT
DA SAPS !
WONT DEY BE
SURPRISED WHEN
OUR HOMEMADE
EARTHQUAKE
HITS 'EM ?

"SURPRISED"
ISN'T THE WORD,
SPORT ! THEY'LL
STAMPEDE LIKE
A HERD OF CRAZY
BUFFALO WHEN I
SET OFF THE DYN-
AMITE CHARGES
WE PLANTED !

TREACHEROUS FINGERS PRESS ELECTRIC BUTTONS --
AND THE RUMBLE AND SHOCK OF DEEP SHUDDERING
EXPLOSIONS SPREADS SUDDEN PANIC THROUGH
THE JAMMED DOWNTOWN DISTRICT !

BOOM!

BOOOM

EARTHQUAKE!

TAKE IT
EASY! DON'T
LOSE YOUR
HEADS!

RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!

SAFE FROM THE MILLING CROWDS
AND PRANCING FEET OF HORSES,
THE CRIMINALS RACE THROUGH A
DESERTED ALLEY...

DIS IS DA
EASIEST WAY
I KNOW TO BUST
OPEN A BANK!

THAT'S THE BACK
DOOR OF THE JEWELRY
SHOP, SPORT! BLAST
IT WITH A
GRENADE!

WIT'
PLEASURE!

THE COPS WILL
HAVE THEIR HANDS
FULL WITH THE
CROWDS, AND
WE'LL BE OUT OF
TOWN WITH MIL-
LIONS IN LOOT
BEFORE THINGS
QUIET DOWN!

WHAT A LAFF! DA
CHUMPS SPEND
T'REE HUNDRED
YEARS MAKIN' A
CITY RICH, AN' WE
GRAB DA GRAVY
IN ONE DAY!



BUT WHILE UNIFORMED
POLICEMEN STRIVE TO
REASSURE THE FRIGHTENED
THROGS, OTHERS IN PAG-
EANT COSTUMES PART AWAY
FROM THE AREA IN CONFUSION:

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE LOOT-BURDENED
CROOKS TRY TO MAKE THEIR GETAWAY...

HALT!
YOU'RE
UNDER
ARREST!

HEY! DA POLICE
FORCE HAS GONE
NATIVE!

BACK
THIS WAY,
QUICK,
BEFORE WE
GET
SCALPED!

FOR ONCE, RED MEN AND
CONQUISTADORES CO-
OPERATE!

UHP!
I'M
SEENIN'
TINGS!

DROP THOSE
GUNS AND
SURRENDER!

COME-
ON! THERE'S
ANOTHER WAY
OUT!

REMEMBER THE BATMAN'S
ORDERS! SERGEANT ROURKE,
TAKE YOUR SQUAD INTO THAT
ALLEY! PATROLMAN CONNORS,
YOU GO THE OTHER
WAY!



RIGHT,
INSPECTOR!



AND NOW, AN AWE-INSPIRING DISPLAY OF LIGHT-BEAMS CONVERGES WITH-STARTLING EFFECT AGAINST THE LOW CLOUDS...

THE BAT EMBLEM--
A LOT OF THEM,
ALL TOGETHER!

NOW YOU KNOW WHY
I CUT OUT THOSE PAPER BATS!
I PASTED THEM ON FLASHLIGHT
LENSES, AND GAVE THEM TO
THE POLICE TO USE
AS SIGNALS!

CORNERED, THE GANGSTERS TURN LIKE
TRAPPED BEASTS AND HOLD THEIR PURSUERS
AT BAY!

COME ONE STEP
NEARER AND I'LL
BLOW YOU TO
BITS!

HOLD ON, MEN!
NO USE GETTING
OURSELVES KILLED!

CHEE-- DAT BAT
GIVES ME DA
CREEPS!

LITTLE MAN, YOU'VE HAD A
BUSY DAY-- BUT IT'S ALL
OVER NOW!

WHY
THE BLANK
EXPRESSION,
BULLST?... OR DID
I PULL THAT GAG
BEFORE?

TAKE MY HAND
GRENADE, WILL
YOU? HERE'S
SOME LEAD TO
GO WITH
IT!

YOU AND I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD MUCH CHANCE
OF FINDING DUCKY AND HIS MOB WITHOUT
HELP! THAT'S WHY I HAD POLICEMEN PUT IN
THE PARADE, TO SPREAD OUT AND START
HUNTING AT THE FIRST
SIGN OF TROUBLE!

I ONLY HOPE
DUCKY DOESN'T GET
ARRESTED BEFORE WE
GET A CRACK AT HIM!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

WHA--
THE
BATMAN!

I'LL
TAKE CHARGE
OF THIS, IF YOU
DON'T MIND!

WE'RE
SUNK!

IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY
ABOUT IT, DUCKY, YOU
CAN HAVE IT BACK!

AAAAA-A-A

THAT'S
CLIPPING
HIS
WINGS,
BATMAN!



WELL, THAT'S THAT! OUR JOB'S FINISHED!

NO, IT ISN'T! THAT PANIC GRIPPING THE CROWD MAY BECOME MORE DANGEROUS THAN AN ARMY OF CRIMINALS! COME ON!

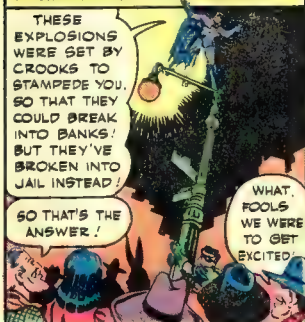
THE SEETHING THROGS' ATTENTION IS CAUGHT BY A REASSURING CRY, AS A LITHE FIGURE RISES INTO VIEW...

LISTEN TO ME! THERE'S NO DANGER!

HUH?... IT'S THE BATMAN!

NO DANGER, HE SAYS! BUT WE HEARD THE EARTHQUAKE FELT IT, SAW IT!

AND SOUND COMMON SENSE SOON TRIUMPHS OVER BLIND TERROR!



THESE EXPLOSIONS WERE SET BY CROOKS TO STAMPEDE YOU. SO THAT THEY COULD BREAK INTO BANKS! BUT THEY'VE BROKEN INTO JAIL INSTEAD!

SO THAT'S THE ANSWER!

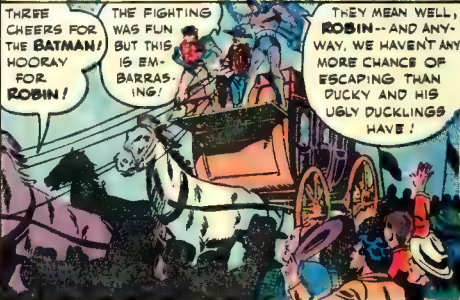
WHAT FOOLS WE WERE TO GET EXCITED!

THE PAGEANT IS RESUMED-- AND TWO MODERN HEROES ARE MADE TO TAKE THEIR PLACES WITH THOSE OF OTHER ERAS!

THREE CHEERS FOR THE BATMAN! HOORAY FOR ROBIN!

THE FIGHTING WAS FUN BUT THIS IS EMBARRASSING!

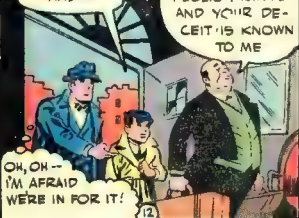
THEY MEAN WELL, ROBIN-- AND ANYWAY, WE HAVEN'T ANY MORE CHANCE OF ESCAPING THAN DUCKY AND HIS UGLY DUCKLINGS HAVE!



BUT LATER, WHEN BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON RETURN TO GOTHAM CITY...

BACK SOONER THAN WE EXPECTED, ALFRED! WE WERE AFRAID WE'D BE BORED AND --

IT'S NO GOOD PRETENDIN', MAWSTER DICK! I'VE READ THE PUBLIC PRINTS AND YOUR DECEIT IS KNOWN TO ME

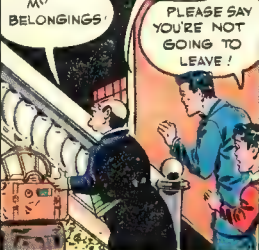


OH, OH -- I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN FOR IT!

AS YOU WILL NOTE, I HAVE ALREADY PACKED MY BELONGINGS!

BUT, ALFRED, YOU CAN'T LEAVE US! YOU'RE LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY! WE COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

PLEASE SAY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE!



INDEED I'M GOING TO LEAVE, SIR-- WITH YOU, ON YOUR VERY NEXT OUT-OF-TOWN CASE! AS A TRAINED CRIMINOLOGIST, I'LL BE INVALUABLE TO YOU.

WHEW! THAT'S DIFFERENT! EH, DICK?

WHEW! I'LL SAY!



THE END

SCRAP HAUL

by Allan Gerz

KNUCKLES HANLEY emptied the can of beans into the pot on the wood stove. He shivered; Fall was coming on and it wasn't any too warm in this neck of the woods. Then, involuntarily, his hand strayed to the new beard on his face.

It was a lush growth. Knuckles walked over to the mirror, looked at it, and smiled his satisfaction. A couple of days more and he'd be able to get out of this burg. With the beard, nobody would recognize him. Sure, the FBI had plenty of pictures of him—but none with a beard.

Another week, if all went well, and he'd be in Mexico. It would be nice down there, with a lot of dough to spend. His eyes strayed to the pantry, behind the locked door of which were the two sacks of money he had got in the Minerville Bank hold-up. Yes, only a couple more days and he'd be through with all this. . . .

Including beans. And every other kind of canned food he had stored up in the pantry. He smiled thoughtfully to himself. It had been a happy idea, a couple of years back, buying this farm in the northern part of the state and stocking it up. A perfect hideaway, and nobody knew about it.

He had given his real name, John Hanley Walker, when he had bought it. There had been no heat on him then, so nobody knew, around here anyway, who he really was. He chuckled. He sure had taken in these yokels. They thought he was an author, who'd only come up during the summers.

Well, he had come up in summer this time; the tail end of summer. And the Feds had been hot and heavy on his trail. But he had managed to shake them off, and get into hiding while he grew these chin whiskers.

Whistling, he picked up the empty bean can from the table

and walked to the back door. Just outside was an old ash-can, all punctured with holes. This was Knuckles' incinerator. He dropped the can into it, observing that soon he'd have to start burning up the garbage again. He looked disapprovingly at the blackened pile of empty cans beside the home-made incinerator. He sure had eaten a lot of canned goods these past couple of weeks. It would be good to walk into a restaurant again, and get a decent meal.

He hadn't dared show himself in town. Fortunately, his nearest neighbor was a mile away, and apparently minded his own business. There had been no trouble getting the house going. There was plenty of kerosene for the old lamps, and a huge pile of wood in the shed.

Thinking of the wood reminded Knuckles that he'd better bring in a load. The fire was getting low. Still whistling, he went into the shed. He bent over, intending to gather an armful, when, suddenly, he heard voices.

Knuckles stiffened. His hand stole to the .45 beneath his shirt. He looked out cautiously—then blinked. What the dickens—a couple of kids! Boy Scouts, no less! His face clouded as he saw them at the back door. What did they want around here?

He walked over. "What's up son?"

The taller of the two boys spoke. "Oh, hello, Mr. Walker. My dad runs the farm next to yours. He saw your smoke the day you came, so he knew you were here. We just came over on the salvage drive. I'm Henry Cable."

Knuckles stared at them. "So the old man saw the smoke," he muttered to himself. "Maybe they're not as sleepy around here as I thought." Aloud, he said: "What salvage drive?"

Henry Cable looked at him. "Oh, you haven't heard?" Then he smiled. "I forgot. You're a writer. You probably don't even listen to the radio, do you? This is supposed to be the day for Boy Scouts all over the country to pick up old metal, and rubber and things like that. We thought maybe you'd let us go over your farm.

Knuckles glowered at him. "I don't know anything about it," he said, angrily. Then, remembering that to make a good impression wouldn't hurt, he said: "But you kids can look around. Go ahead." He paused. The smaller of the two scouts was poking at the blackened pile of canned goods with his foot. "Hey, cut that out," Knuckles said.

The boy looked at him. "But, listen, mister . . ."

A cold wind struck Knuckles' shoulders. It was too cold to be out here. Besides, he had talked too much already. "Now look, son," he said. "I'm busy writing a book. If you kids want to poke in the barns, go ahead. I've got work to do. Now get moving. You can have anything you find."

"Gee, Mr. Walker," Henry Cable said. "That's swell. Thanks." He grabbed the other boy. "Come on, Charles."

Knuckles watched them from the kitchen window. When they emerged from the barn, their arms were filled with old metal, which they carried to a cart in the road.

He felt pleased with himself. After all, that little gesture might help sometime.

"But people are crazy running around collecting all that junk," he told himself. "For what?" Knuckles didn't care much, one way or the other, about the war. His business went on, war or no war. And he didn't have to worry about the draft, he reflected happily; he was past thirty-eight. Not that

he had bothered to register anyway. He sighed.

He rose from his chair and went over to the portable radio he had placed on a ledge over the stove. It was almost time for the news. He switched on the power and dialed in the station.

Then he recoiled as he heard his name mentioned. His eyes became mere slits in his head as, every nerve tense, he listened:

"... and you all know Knuckles Hanley," the commentator said, "he's the coward who shot down a bank teller in Minnerville two weeks ago and also wounded an innocent bystander. Last night the FBI located the car that Knuckles Hanley used. It was found abandoned in an old stone quarry by Boy Scouts, who had been scouring the country in a salvage drive. The car was bullet . . ."

Knuckles' face was a mask of fury as he switched off the radio. Boy Scouts! If it hadn't been for them, that car might never have been found. For months, Knuckles had had that quarry in mind as a place to ditch the car. He had known no one ever went there. The place was set deep in a woods, only twenty-five miles from here.

For a moment, Knuckles felt the cold breath of fear blowing on his neck. What if he had let them into the house, and they had seen those bags in the

pantry? He shook his head angrily, as though to drive the thought away. Well, they hadn't—and they had no idea who he was. They thought he was Mr. Walker, a writer.

Just the same, this was no place to be right now. No telling what kind of a trail the Feds would pick up. Knuckles looked at the clock. A quarter to five. In another half hour it would be dark. He could hike down to the bus line. Nobody in town would recognize him, with his new beard.

Hastily, he made his preparations. In a battered valise he had found in the attic he put the two bags of money he had stolen. He put on a tie, and a dark blue coat. In the pocket of the coat he put his automatic. Then he walked to the back door, intending to lock it.

It was then that he saw the two men walking cautiously across the field. Knuckles stepped back out of the doorway, his face tightening. One of the men was the local sheriff, and there was a gun strapped to his hip. The other man was in plain clothes. Panic took possession of Knuckles as he looked over his shoulder, out the kitchen window. The car with a big star painted on its side was standing in the road.

There was no doubt about it. This was a trap! And the guy in plain clothes was a Fed! Knuckles' grip tightened about the gun. So they figured they'd sneak up on him, did they?

Well—they asked for it!

He didn't realize how nervous he was until he fired the gun. The shot went wild.

Hastily, Knuckles backed away from the doorway. But the sheriff was fast. His gun went off.

Knuckles pitched forward; the bullet had shattered his shoulder. He tried to retrieve the .45 which had dropped from his hand, but another shot caught his wrist. The next moment, the sheriff was towering over him, a look of bewilderment in his eyes. The other man's face was wild with fright, and he was saying: "He—he—shot at us, Sheriff Cable!"

Cable? Despite the pain in the body, Knuckles shuddered. That was the name of the Boy Scout. And this guy was his father—the sheriff. The kid must have tipped off the FBI. But how? He started to mutter an oath, but the words remained unsaid; for Cable suddenly said:

"Yes, Waldo, he did shoot at us. To kill, too. And I want to find out why." He looked at Knuckles and said steadily: "I want to find out why, Mr. Walker, you shot at the Salvage Director of this town, and me, when all we came for was to thank you for the scrap you donated today, and warn you that you shouldn't burn up tin cans. Your country needs them!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF BATMAN published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the BATMAN (which is the title of the publication), and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; M. Dornfeldt, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.; P. M. Sammler, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1943.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

BAT MAN

WITH
ROBIN

FAR OUT ON THE CALM PACIFIC, WHERE FISHERMEN FLY THEIR PEACEFUL TRADE, CRIME STRIKES WITH SUDDEN SAVAGE FURY! MARAUDERS FROM NOWHERE LASH OUT AND VANISH WITH DEADLY SPEED! THEIR VICTIMS—HELPLESS TOILERS OF THE SEA! THEIR LOOT--- THE STRANGEST SWAG CRIMINALS EVER SOUGHT! WHO ARE THEY? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? HOW DO THEY DISAPPEAR SO MYSTERIOUSLY? FOLLOW **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER AS THEY FISH WITH LEFT HOOKS AND BARBED WITS FOR THE AMAZING ANSWER IN THE...

"ADVENTURE of the VITAMIN VANDALS!"



AT THE RICH FISHING GROUNDS OFF CALIFORNIA'S BOUNTIFUL COAST, THE GOOD SHIP "JENNY JONES" COMES TO THE END OF A HIGHLY PROFITABLE TRIP...

PUT ABOUT, MATES! WE'RE RICH AND WE'RE HEAD-ING HOME!

AYE, THAT WE ARE SKIPPER...RIGHT NOW AT LEAST!

FOR HER HOLD IS JAM-PACKED WITH PRICELESS SOUP-FIN SHARKS--WHOSE LIVER CONTAINS MORE VITAMIN A THAN ANY OTHER FISH OF THE SEA.

A MIGHTY BIG HAUL! WE'VE GOT TWENTY-FIVE TONS OF 'EM!

YEAH! AT \$1,500 A TON, THEY'RE WORTH \$37,500!

YET FEAR AND GLOOM LIE HEAVILY ON THE HEARTS OF THE LUCKY FISHERMEN!

WHAT'S THE USE OF KIDDING OURSELVES? WE'LL NEVER GET THESE SHARKS TO PORT!

NOT WITH THE PHANTOM RAIDERS ROBBING EVERY SHIP THAT MAKES A DECENT CATCH!

THE PHANTOM RAIDERS--DREAD SCOURGES OF THE FISHING GROUNDS! AS NIGHT DRAWS NEAR...

HOW CAN THEY CLIMB ABOARD? WE'VE GOT EVERY SIDE OF THE JENNY COVERED!

SURE! EVEN A DINGHY COULDN'T PULL UP WITHOUT BEING SIGHTED... AND PICKING UP A CARGO OF LEAD!

BUT SUDDENLY...

T'ROW DOWN YOUR ROSCOES! DE ONE DAT DON'T IS A DEAD MACKEREL, SEE?

THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!

THEY GOT ON THE SHIP WITHOUT US SEEING THEM!

SURROUNDED FORE AND AFTER, THERE IS NO CHOICE BUT SURRENDER!

NO MORE OF THIS FOR ME! I'M GETTING A JOB ON THE BEACH!

WHAT YOU CHUMPS KICK-IN ABOUT? LOOKIT THE DOLPH YA ALMOST MADE!

ME, TOO! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

A KEY GRATES IN THE STOUT OAKEN DOOR... THE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS OF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS ECHO TOWARD THE DECK... AND THE CREW IS HELD PRISONER IN THEIR OWN SHIP!

WHO'S THE CONSERVED TRAITOR WHO LET THEM ABOARD?

NBODY, SIR! THEY DIDN'T BOARD US... THEY CAME FROM AMIDSHIPS, WHILE WE WERE WATCHING THE SEA!

BUT HOW?
THEY COULDN'T
HAVE STOWED
AWAY!...AVAST
THERE, I HEAR A
WINCH CLANKING
AND RATTLING
UP ABOVE!

THEY'RE
TAKING OUR
WHOLE HAUL --
ALMOST \$40,000
WORTH OF SOUP-
FIN SHARKS!

NOT IF
WE CATCH THEM
FROM BEHIND, THE
SAME AS THEY CAUGHT
US! THEY THINK WE'LL
STAY DOWN HERE LIKE
RATS IN A TRAP... BUT
WE WON'T! WHO'S
WITH ME?

ALL
OF US,
SKIPPER!

THE HEAVY DOOR SOON SPLINTERS BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF
POWERFUL BODIES! BUT AS THE MEN RUSH UP TO DECK...

THEY'RE
GONE!

BUT THEY
COULDN'T HAVE GOT
VERY FAR...THEY MUST
BE JUST PULLING AWAY!
SPLIT UP AND COVER EVERY
COMPASS POINT! SING
OUT IF YOU SIGHT
THEM, MEN!

SECONDS LATER...

NOT A
SIGN OF A
BOAT'S
WAKE!

THEY
JUST APPEARED
AND
DISAPPEARED...
LIKE THE
PHANTOMS
THEY ARE!

UH-HUH! OUR
VACATION'S OVER,
EH BRUCE?

LIKE A PALL,
BLACK MYSTERY
HANGS
OVER THE
JENNIE JONES!
HOW COULD THE
BEBIE BANDITS
APPROACH
ACROSS OPEN
WATER AND YET
ESCAPE DE-
TECTION? HOW
COULD THEY
SWARM ABOARD
WITHOUT BEING
SEEN? HOW
COULD THEY
VANISH, LEAVING
NO TRACE?

BUT NOT FAR OFF ARE TWO FAMED
UNRAVELERS OF SECRETS -- PLAY-
BOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS
YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON--
VACATIONING AT FILMLANDS
EXCLUSIVE MALIBU BEACH!

COME
ON IN,
DICK!

WHAT'S
UP?

WHAT
A MAN...
HMM...

RIGHT! ROB-
BING HONEST
HARD-WORKING
FISHERMEN IS
BAW ENOUGH...
BUT THIS HITS
OUR GOVERNMENT!
WE NEED
VITAMINS
TO KEEP OUR
SOLDIERS
HEALTHY!
LET'S GO!

AND WITHIN THE HOUR,
TWO TYPICAL SEAFARERS
IN SEARCH OF JOBS THREAD
THROUGH BEEHIVE DOCKS
TO THE SOMBER JENNIE JONES.

SURE I COULD USE A CABIN
BOY AND A DECK-HAND--MOST
OF M. MEN QUIT WHEN WE
DOCKED! BUT I'VE MADE MY
LAST TRIP... AHOO THERE, MR.
GIBBONS!

DID I HEAR YOU
RIGHT, SKIPPER? YOU'RE
NOT GOING OUT
AGAIN?

AS THE CAPTAIN TALKS
TO FISH-BROKER ARCHIE
GIBBONS, THE DISGUISED
BATMAN AND ROBIN
GLANCE AROUND...

KMMM! WHAT'S
SAND DOING
HERE?

WE FISH BROKERS
ARE BEING PUT
OUT OF BUSINESS
BY THOSE BLASTED
PHANTOMS! I'VE
GOT TO HAVE SHARK
LIVERS! I'LL GIVE YOU
\$2000 A TON FOR SOUP-FINS!

A \$500 A TON BONUS!
WELL... OKAY!
IT'S WORTH
THE RISK!

AVAST,
YOU TWO--YOU'RE
HIRED! REPORT
TOMORROW MORNING!

THANKS,
SKIPPER!
WHEW! I THOUGHT
WE'D HAVE TO HUNT
ALL OVER THE DOCKS
FOR A SHIP THAT'S
GOING OUT!

PRETTY
SPORTING OF
THAT FISH-
BROKER, ARCHIE
GIBBONS, TO
MAKE IT WORTH
WHILE FOR SHIPS
TO MAKE MORE
TRIPS!

YES...
BUT DID
YOU NOTICE
THAT PILE
OF SAND
ON THE
JENNY'S DECK?
PECULIAR THING TO
FIND ON A FISHING SHIP
THAT'S JUST DOCKED!

THE DECKS
ARE SWABBED SEV-
ERAL TIMES A DAY WHEN
FISH ARE BEING PULLED
IN... SO THE SAND MUST
HAVE GOT THERE
ON THE WAY
HOME--

MAYBE
AROUND THE
TIME OF THE ROBBERY,
EH? WE'LL KEEP OUR
EYES OPEN!

LATE THE NEXT DAY, THE JENNY JONES REACHES THE TEEMING
FISHING GROUNDS WHERE VALUABLE SOUP-FINS ABOUND...

SO THIS
IS HOW YOU
CATCH SHARKS,
EH, LEFTY? JUST
PAY OUT NETS AND
LET 'EM DRIFT WITH
THE TIDE! PRETTY
SOFT!

YEP!
EACH NET HAS
BUOYS WITH ITS SHIP'S
COLORS TO PREVENT
MIXUPS!

AND ON THE DAYS
THAT FOLLOW...

SAY,
WHAT MADE ME
THINK SHARK-FISHING
IS A CINCH? HAULING
IN A LOADED NET IS
BACK-BREAKING
WORK!

HAH, HAH!
I FIGURED YOU'D
CHANGE YOUR
MIND SOON
ENOUGH! OKAY.
GRAB YOUR RIFLE!
WE'RE DUMPING
THE NETS!

READY
WITH THAT GUN
NOW! CLUBBING
USUALLY KNOCKS
THEM OUT... BUT
NOT ALWAYS!

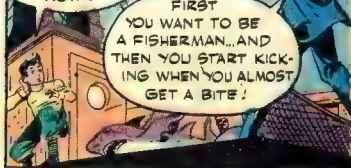
AND A SHARK LOOSE
ON DECK MUST BE
A PRETTY DANGEROUS
CUSTOMER WITH
SKIN LIKE NUMBER ONE
SANDPAPER AND TEETH
LIKE YOUNG BAYONETS!

ABRUPTLY... AS IF FATE HAD OVERHEARD... THE MOMENT DREADED BY ALL SHARK-FISHERMEN!



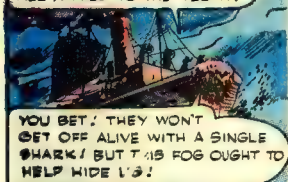
BUT TRAINED MUSCLES AND SPLIT-SECOND COORDINATION ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE DEADLY GRAY SEA-TIGER!

GOSH! ANOTHER SECOND AND I'D HAVE BEEN A FOOT SHORTER THAN I AM NOW!



AT LAST, HER HOLD ONCE AGAIN FILLED WITH PRECIOUS CARGO, THE JENNY JONES MAKES FOR PORT...

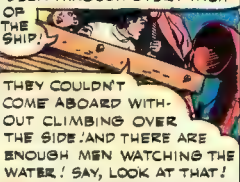
MAYBE WE CAN'T STOP THE PHANTOMS FROM BOARDING US... BUT WE CAN FILL 'EM FULL OF HOLES IF THEY DO! WE'RE ALL ARMED TO THE TEETH!



MEANWHILE, TWO EXPERIENCED CRIME-CRUSHERS WORK OUT A DIFFERENT BATTLE PLAN TO REPEL FREEBOOTERS...

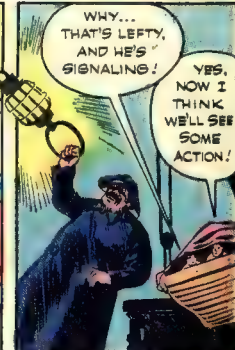
WHAT'S THE GOOD OF WATCHING THE DECK? I KNOW THE GANG DIDN'T STOW AWAY... I'VE BEEN THROUGH EVERY INCH OF THE SHIP!

THEY COULDN'T COME ABOARD WITHOUT CLIMBING OVER THE SIDE! AND THERE ARE ENOUGH MEN WATCHING THE WATER! SAY, LOOK AT THAT!



WHY... THAT'S LEFTY, AND HE'S SIGNALING!

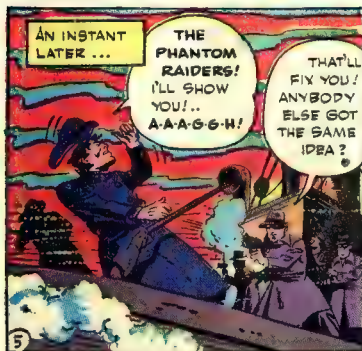
YES, NOW I THINK WE'LL SEE SOME ACTION!



AN INSTANT LATER...

THE PHANTOM RAIDERS! I'LL SHOW YOU!... A-A-A-G-G-H!

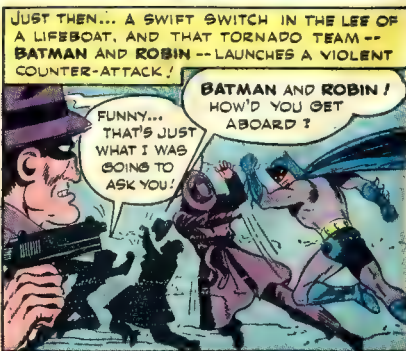
THAT'LL FIX YOU! ANYBODY ELSE GOT THE SAME IDEA?

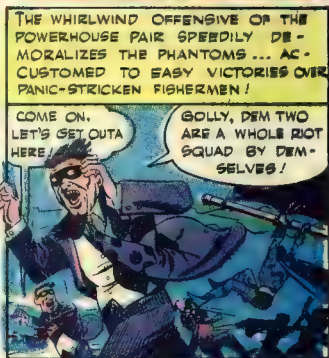


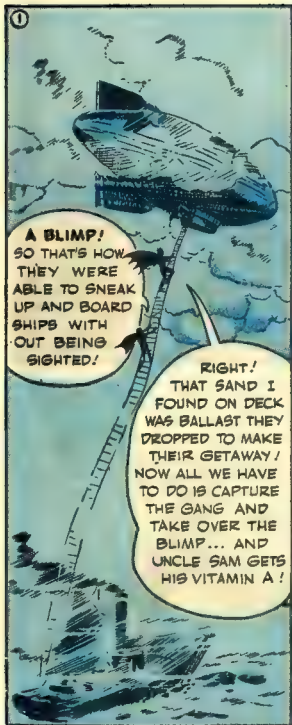
JUST THEN... A SWIFT SWITCH IN THE LEE OF A LIFEBOAT, AND THAT TORNADO TEAM -- BATMAN AND ROBIN -- LAUNCHES A VIOLENT COUNTER-ATTACK!

FUNNY... THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU!

BATMAN AND ROBIN! HOW'D YOU GET ABOARD?







A BLIMP!
SO THAT'S HOW
THEY WERE
ABLE TO SNEAK
UP AND BOARD
SHIPS WITH
OUT BEING
SIGHTED!

RIGHT!
THAT SAND I
FOUND ON DECK
WAS BALLAST THEY
DROPPED TO MAKE
THEIR GETAWAY!
NOW ALL WE HAVE
TO DO IS CAPTURE
THE GANG AND
TAKE OVER THE
BLIMP... AND
UNCLE SAM GETS
HIS VITAMIN A!

2 **A BIG ORDER! BUT UNFLINCHINGLY, THE DYNAMIC DUO HURTLES INTO THE AIRSHIP STRAIGHT AT THE CUT-THROAT CREW!**

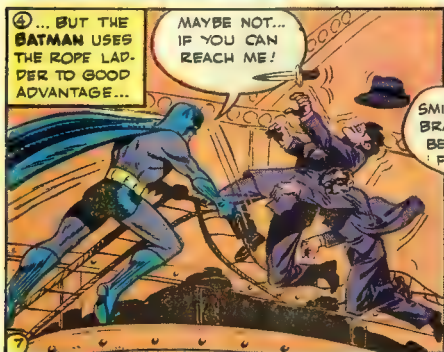


WHA--?
SAY, CAN'T WE
GET AWAY FROM
DESE GUYS?

CERTAINLY!
JUST STEP
OUT THE
DOOR!



RUSH HIM!
HE CAN'T BEAT
ALL OF US AT
ONCE!



... BUT THE BATMAN USES THE ROPE LADDER TO GOOD ADVANTAGE...

MAYBE NOT...
IF YOU CAN
REACH ME!

MEANWHILE, IN
ANOTHER CORNER
OF THE CONFLICT...

UH-UH! TROUBLE!

SMILE AT DE BOIDY,
BRAT! DIS IS GONNA
BE A BEE-YOOTI-
FUL SHOT OF YA!



MAYBE **THIS**
WILL MAKE YOU
SEE THINGS
CLEARER,
RAT!



SUDDENLY, THE SHATTERED GANG MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE WHIRLWIND FISTS...

WHAT'S THE GOOD OF RUNNING AWAY, MUGGS? YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF OUR CLUTCHES WITHOUT JUMPING OVERBOARD!

MAYBE IT'S YOU WHO'LL DO THE JUMPING, WISE GUY!

HUH? WHAT KIND OF A PLACE IS THIS?

THE BALLAST ROOM! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S ---

TOO LATE! FOR SOMEWHERE A LEVER IS THROWN-- AND THE TRAPDOOR FLOOR SPRINGS OPEN BENEATH THE TWO!

THROUGH EMPTY SPACE HURTLE THE HELPLESS PAIR UNTIL, WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING SPLASH, THEY STRIKE THE WATER FAR BELOW!

DOWN, DOWN BENEATH THE COLD, BLACK SURFACE THEY PLUNGE... THEN UP AND UP, LUNGS STRAINING FOR PRECIOUS OXYGEN...

AND, FINALLY, AIR!

WHEE-HEW! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER REACH THE SURFACE!... GREAT SCOTT! THERE'S **ROBIN!** HE'S-- HE'S ---

THANK GOODNESS, HE'S ONLY UNCONSCIOUS!... OH-OH! MORE TROUBLE! THAT SHARK'S ON THE TRAIL OF FOOD-- AND WE'RE IT!

LUCKILY... BATMAN SPOTS A FLOATING PIECE OF DRIFT-WOOD....

THIS IS A BREAK - AT LEAST I WILL HAVE ROBIN OFF MY HANDS!

THERE BENEATH THE VEIL OF THE TREACHEROUS SEA - THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTER IS LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT WITH THE DREADED UNDER-WATER KILLER...

..C-CAN'T STAY UNDER MUCH LONGER... LUNGS ARE BURSTING....

BUT THE AGILE BATMAN PROVES FATAL TO EVEN SUCH A FOE... AS HE LASHES FURIOUSLY INTO THE SHARK'S HIDE!

AN EERIE SUMMONS SWIFTLY BRINGS A SLIM PATROL SHIP RACING TO THE SCENE!

WE CAUGHT YOUR FLASH, BATMAN.!

GOOD TO SEE YOU BOYS - IT WAS GETTING KIND OF DAMP OUT HERE!

SWIFTLY - THE BATMAN DRAWS A KNIFE FROM HIS UTILITY BELT... DIVES BENEATH THE MURKY WATERS... STRAIGHT INTO THE GAPING JAWS OF THE MAN-EATING MONSTER...

HERE GOES NOTHING!

LONG MINUTES AFTER, ROBIN SLOWLY REVIVES...

WHA-- WHAT HAPPENED?

ONLY A MILD TUSSELE WITH A SHARK! I'M JUST FIRING THIS MINIATURE FLARE GUN I BROUGHT ALONG IN MY UTILITY BELT! THE BOY SCOUTS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO BELIEVE IN BEING PREPARED!

LATER, WHEN THE SPEEDY RESCUE CRAFT LANDS IT'S GRATEFUL PASSENGERS.

WELL, WE BEAT THE JENNY INTO PORT! HERE SHE COMES! WHAT NOW?

WE WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT BLIMP IS HIDDEN DURING THE DAY! SO WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW LEFTY... THE CHAP WHO SIGNALLED THE PHANTOM RAIDERS! BUT FIRST WE HAVE SOME CHECKING TO DO...

THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S LEFTY NOW!

SWELL! HE OUGHT TO LEAD US DIRECTLY TO THE GANG! I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THAT BLIMP! THE PHANTOMS MUST BE PLENTY SMART TO CONCEAL A BIG THING LIKE THAT... AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW THEY DO IT!

SILENT AS WRAITHS, THE CAPED COMRADES TRAIL THEIR UNSUSPECTING QUARRY THROUGH DIMMED-OUT WATER FRONT BACK ALLEYS... UNTIL...

I GUESS THAT'S YOUR ANSWER --A WAREHOUSE! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THEY CAN GET A BLIMP IN AND OUT OF THERE!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR THEORIZING! THE ONLY WAY WE CAN FIND OUT IS TO GET IN THERE AND SEE FOR OURSELVES!

BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE LAIR OF THE FOE...

YOU GUYS STILL AROUND?

YES, INDEEDY! ALIVE AND---

...SOCKING!

AND THAT'S SOMETHING YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO FOR QUITE A WHILE!

THE GUARD DISPOSED OF, THE PARTNERS IN PERIL VIEW... STARTLING SIGHT...

GOLLY, WHAT A SETUP! LET'S WADE IN AND CLEAN IT OUT!

WAIT A MINUTE, ROBIN! GRAB THOSE TOW ROPES... WE'RE GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE! WE WANT THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS OUTFIT! I THINK I KNOW WHO HE IS-- BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM COLD!

MAKE IT SNAPPY! WE'RE GONNA PICK UP THE BIG BOSS ON THIS JOB TONIGHT!

RIGHT! THIS GANG IS ONE OF THE SLICKEST WE'VE TANGLED WITH! I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET THE GENIUS WHO THOUGHT IT ALL UP!

SO THAT'S HOW THEY GET THIS BLIMP OUT OF HERE... THE ROOF OPENS UP LIKE THE DOORS OF A HANGAR!

HIGH ABOVE SLEEPING SAN FRANCISCO...

WHY DID WE HAVE TO PICK THE BALLAST ROOM AGAIN? I DON'T LIKE THE PLACE AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO US LAST TIME!

BECAUSE WE CAN HIDE BEHIND THE SANDBAGS! THE GANG HAVE STOOGES ON THE FISHING BOATS THEY INTEND TO ROB!

MEANWHILE, ABOARD A TRAWLER FAR OUT ON THE FISHING GROUNDS...

I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE IT WORTH WHILE TO CONTINUE FISHING. SKIPPER! YOU'VE GOT TWENTY TONS AT \$2000 A TON-- THAT'S \$40,000! AND IF THE PHANTOM RAIDERS HIT, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU FIGHT 'EM OFF!

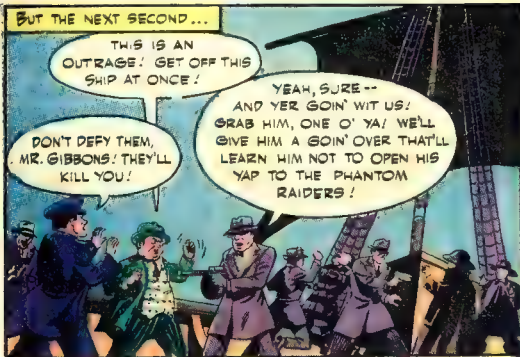
I'M GLAD, MR GIBBONS! BUT STILL I'M WORRIED!

BUT THE NEXT SECOND...

THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE! GET OFF THIS
SHIP AT ONCE!

YEAH, SURE--
AND YER GOIN' WIT US!
GRAB HIM, ONE O' YA! WE'LL
GIVE HIM A GOIN' OVER THAT'LL
LEARN HIM NOT TO OPEN HIS
YAP TO THE PHANTOM
RAIDERS!

DON'T DEFY THEM,
MR. GIBBONS! THEY'LL
KILL YOU!



IN THE MARAUDER'S BLIMP
HIGH ABOVE THE HAPLESS SHIP...

LOOK! THEY'RE
ROBBING THAT
TRAWLER DOWN
THERE! LET'S GET
AT THE DIRTY
RATS!

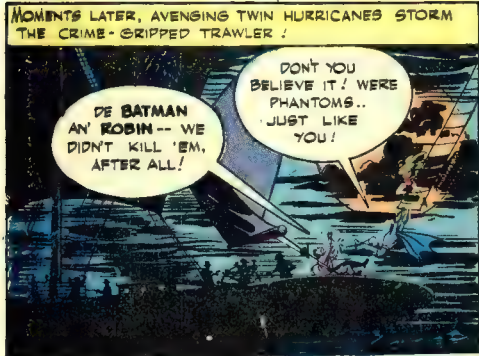
IN A FEW
MINUTES! I'VE
GOT A LITTLE
JOB TO DO
FIRST!



MOMENTS LATER, AVENGING TWIN HURRICANES STORM
THE CRIME-GRIPPED TRAWLER!

DE BATMAN
AN' ROBIN-- WE
DIDNT KILL 'EM,
AFTER ALL!

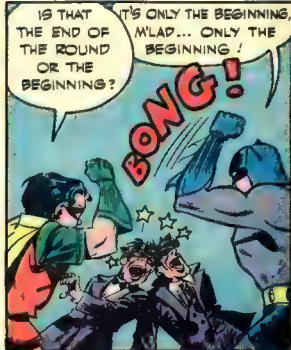
DON'T YOU
BELIEVE IT! WERE
PHANTOMS..
JUST LIKE
YOU!



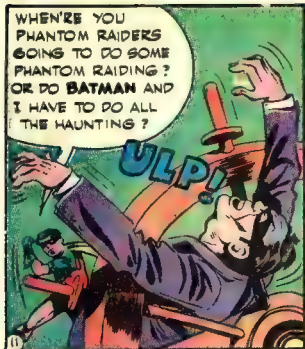
IS THAT
THE END OF
THE ROUND
OR THE
BEGINNING?

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING,
M'LAD... ONLY THE
BEGINNING!

BONG!



WHEN'RE YOU
PHANTOM RAIDERS
GOING TO DO SOME
PHANTOM RAIDING?
OR DO BATMAN AND
I HAVE TO DO ALL
THE HAUNTINGS?



HEAVE HO,
ME
HEARTY!

BOUNDING,
BOUNDING.
OVER THE
SAILING
MEN...



SUDDENLY, AN URGENT CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

HURRY UP
AND GET DE REST-
OF DE GUYS FROM
DE BLIMP!

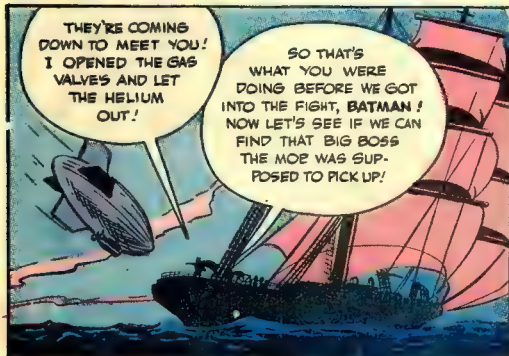
YEAH!
WE SURE
NEED 'EM!

DON'T
BOTHER---



THEY'RE COMING
DOWN TO MEET YOU!
I OPENED THE GAS
VALVES AND LET
THE HELIUM
OUT!

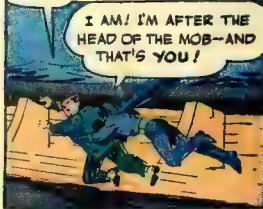
SO THAT'S
WHAT YOU WERE
DOING BEFORE WE GOT
INTO THE FIGHT, **BATMAN!**
NOW LET'S SEE IF WE CAN
FIND THAT BIG BOSS
THE MOE WAS SUP-
POSED TO PICK UP!



A FURTIVE MOVEMENT CATCHES
BATMAN'S EYE AND, QUICK AS
A COBRA, HE LANCES INTO
ACTION!

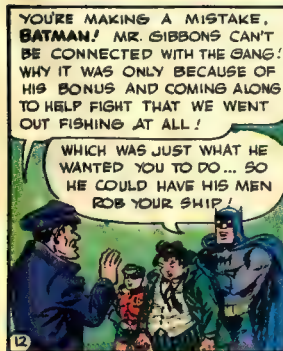
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY
DON'T YOU CONCENTRATE
ON THOSE GANGSTERS?—OOF!

I AM! I'M AFTER THE
HEAD OF THE MOB--AND
THAT'S YOU!



YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE,
BATMAN! MR. GIBBONS CAN'T
BE CONNECTED WITH THE GANG!
WHY IT WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF
HIS BONUS AND COMING ALONG
TO HELP FIGHT THAT WE WENT
OUT FISHING AT ALL!

WHICH WAS JUST WHAT HE
WANTED YOU TO DO... SO
HE COULD HAVE HIS MEN
ROB YOUR SHIP!



I CHECKED ON GIBBONS THIS
AFTERNOON. HE WAS SELLING
SHARK LIVERS THROUGH HIS
REGULAR CHANNELS! BUT IF
YOU FISHERMEN WERE BEING
HIJACKED, WHERE DID HE GET
THEM FROM? THE ANSWER IS...
FROM HIS GANG OF VITAMIN
VANDALS, THE PHANTOM RAIDERS!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

GOSH, **BRUCE!** HOW CAN
YOU BE SO LAZY WITH
THINGS HAPPENING
RIGHT OVER YOUR NOSE!

A NEW THEORY OF
MINE... YOU'VE GOT TO
SOAK UP ENERGY TO
SOCK THE ENEMY! SO
LIE DOWN AND TAKE
IT EASY!



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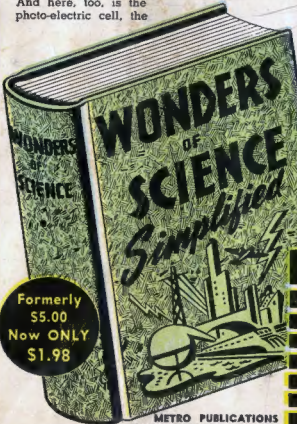
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